



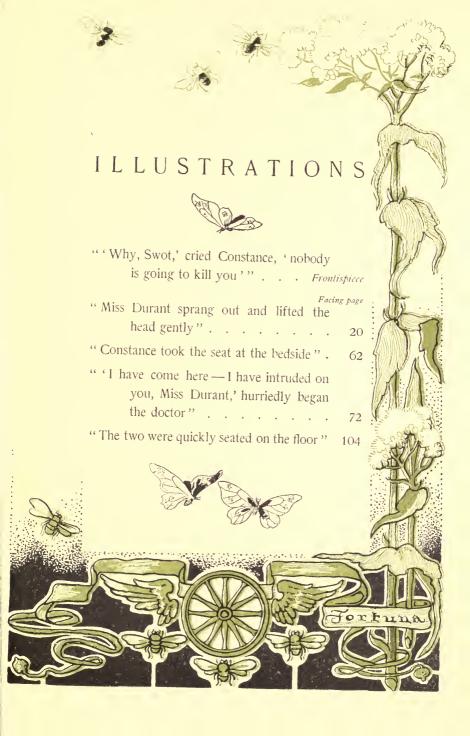
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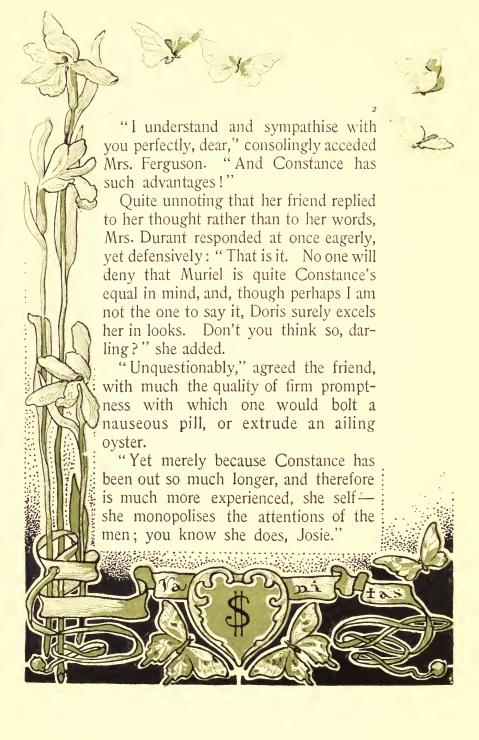


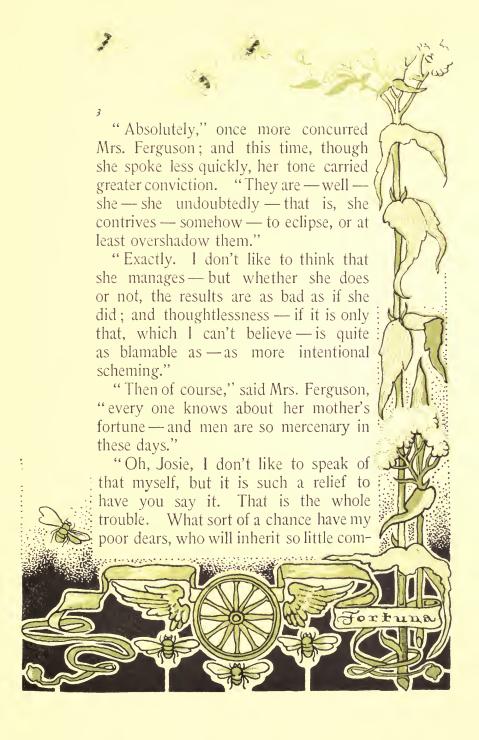


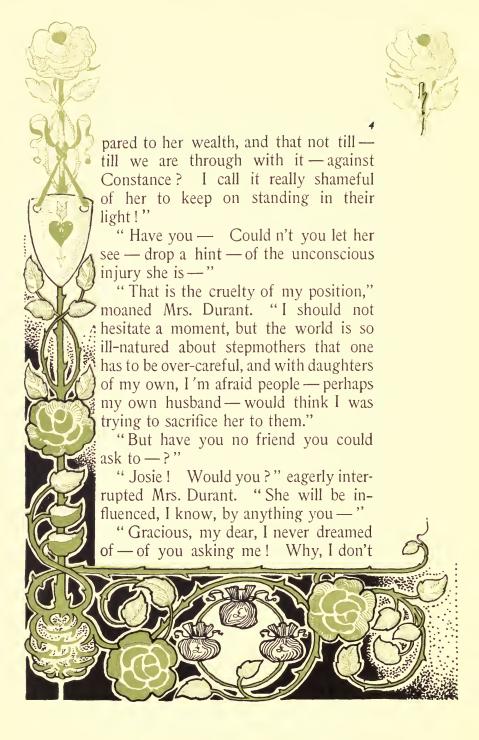
"YOU understand, Josie, that I would n't for a moment wish Constance to marry without being in love, but—"

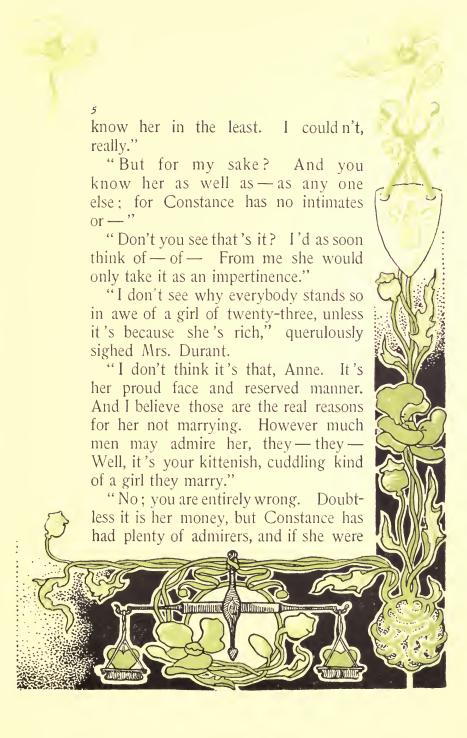
Mrs. Durant hesitated long enough to convey the inference that she was unfeminine enough to place a value on her own words, and then, the pause having led to a change, or, at least, modification of what had almost found utterance, she continued, with a touch of petulance which suggested that the general principle had in the mind of the speaker a special application, "It is certainly a great pity that the modern girl should be so unimpressionable!"

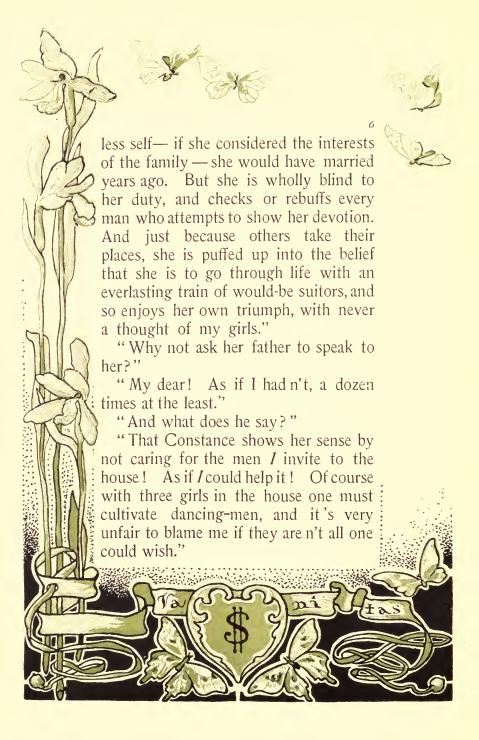


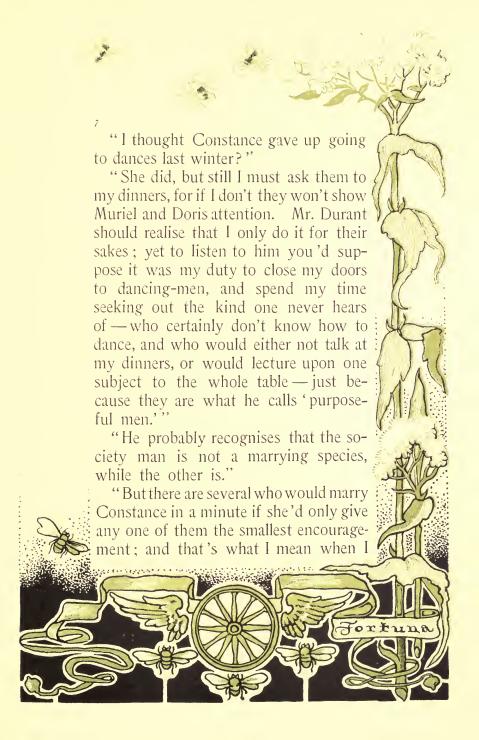


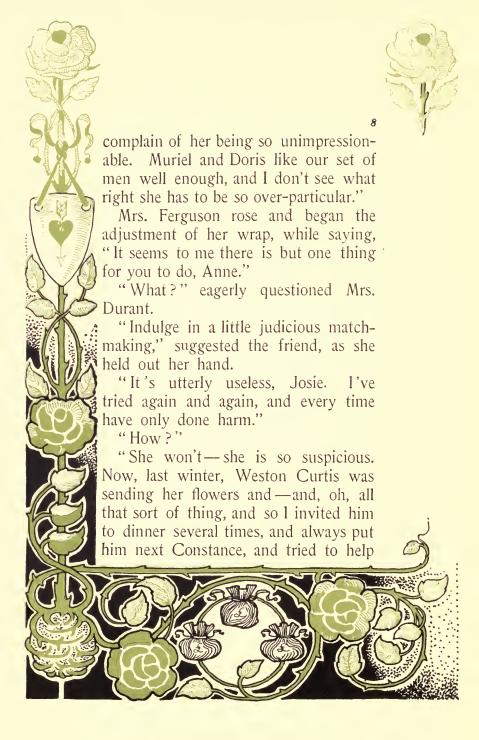


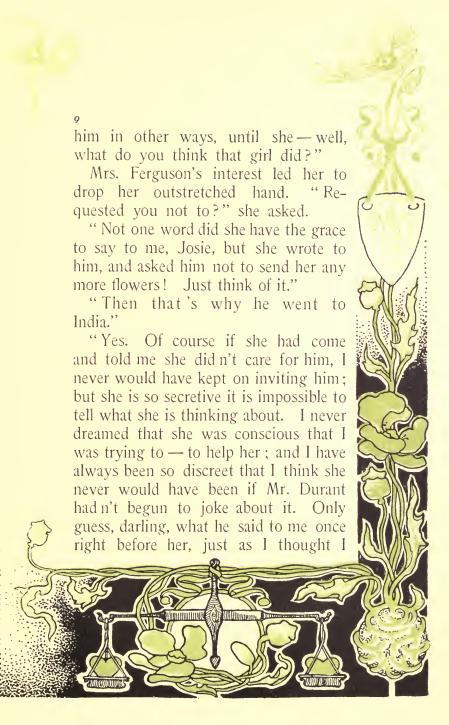


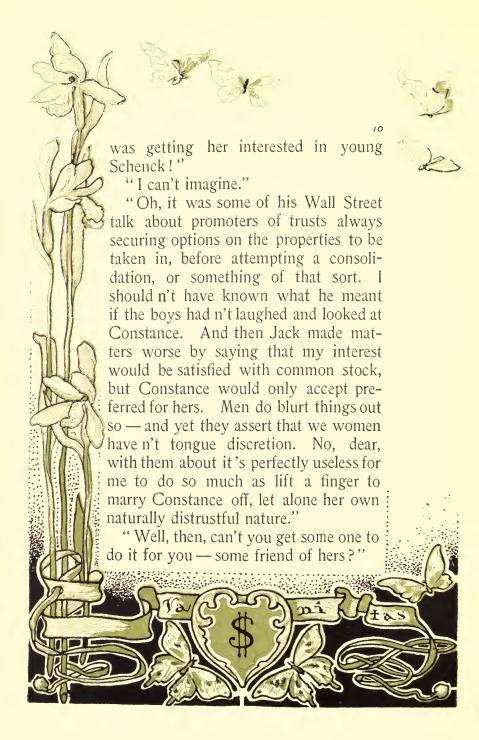


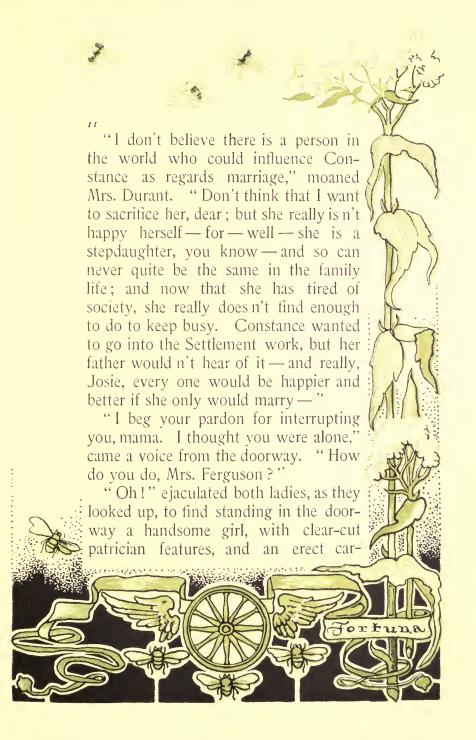


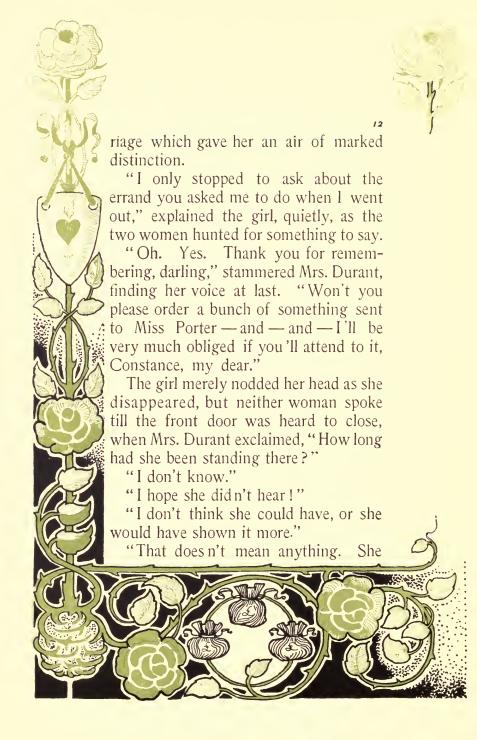


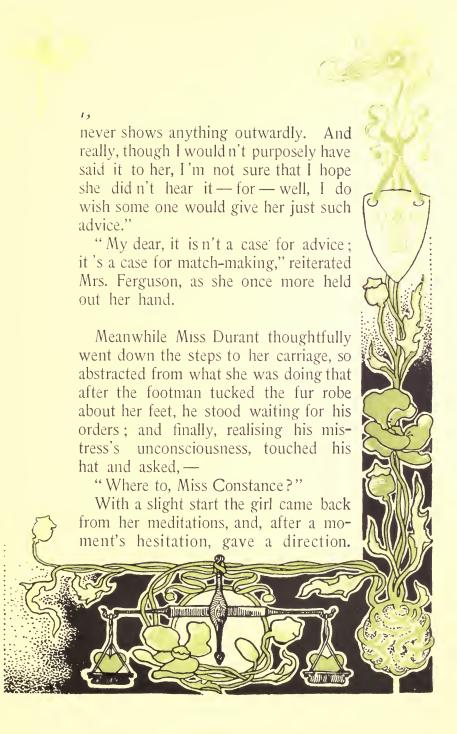


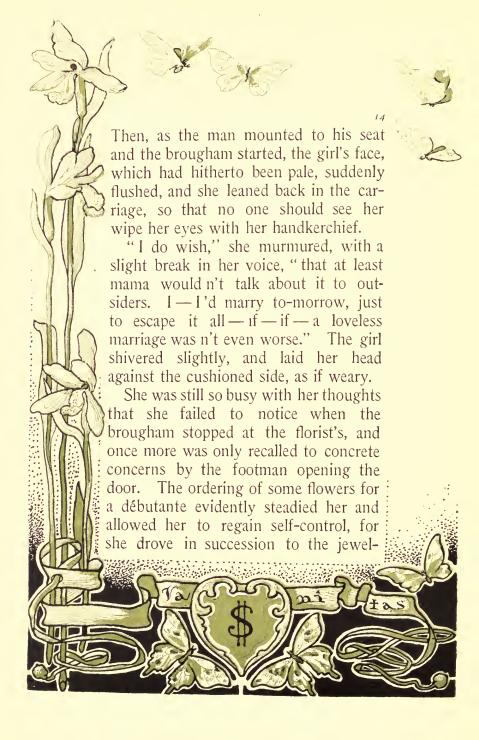




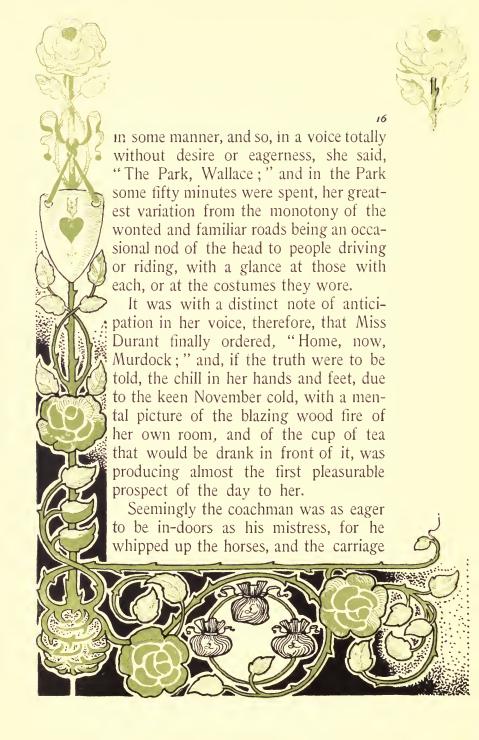




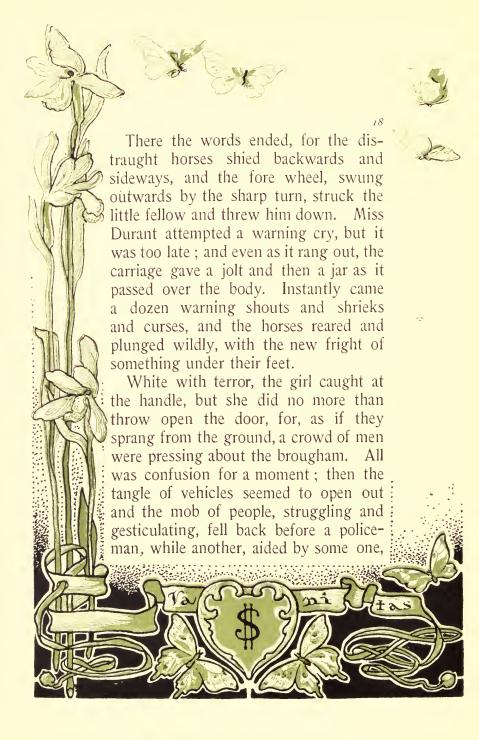


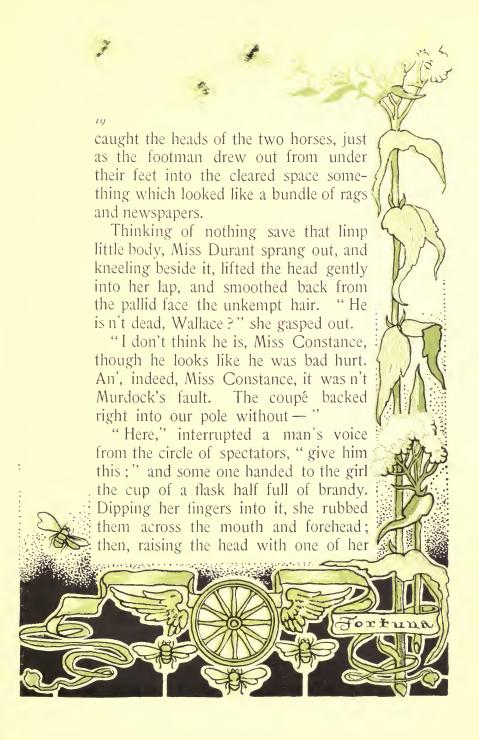


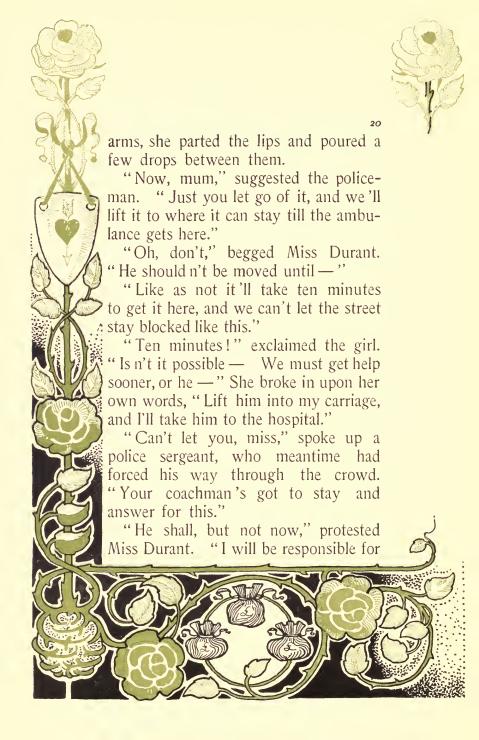
15 ler's to select a wedding gift, and to the dressmaker's for a fitting, at each place giving the closest attention to the matter in hand. These nominal duties, but in truth pleasures, concluded, nominal pleasures, but in truth duties, succeeded them, and the carriage halted at four houses long enough to ascertain that the especial objects of Miss Durant's visits "begged to be excused," or were "not at home," each of which pieces of information, or, to speak more correctly, the handing in by the footman, in response to the information, of her card or cards, drew forth an unmistakable sigh of relief from that young lady. Evidently Miss Durant was bored by people, and this to those experienced in the world should be proof that Miss Durant was, in fact, badly bored by herself. One consequence of her escape, however, was that the girl remained with an hour which must be got through with Fortuns

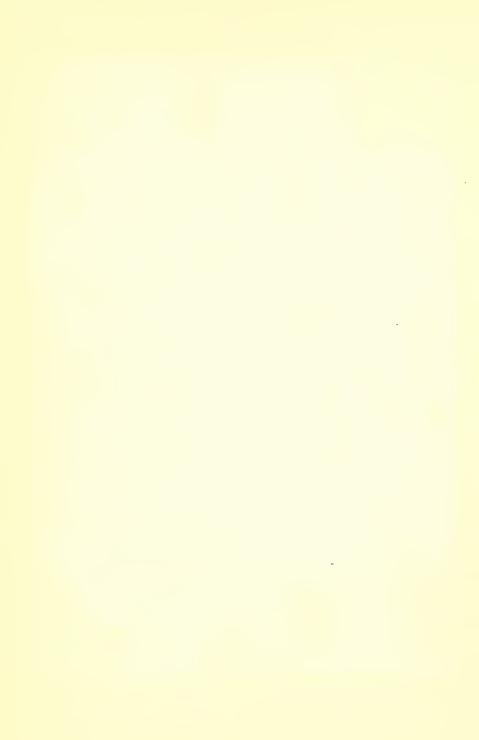


17 was quickly crossing the plaza and speeding down the avenue. Though the street was crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, the growing darkness put an end to Miss Durant's nods of recognition, and she leaned back, once more buried in her own thoughts. At Forty-second Street she was sharply recalled from whatever her mind was dwelling upon by a sudden jar, due to the checking of the carriage, and simultaneously with it came the sound of crashing of glass and splintering of wood. So abrupt was the halt that Miss Durant was pitched forward, and as she put out her hand to save herself from being thrown into the bottom of the brougham, she caught a moment's glimpse of a ragged boy close beside her window, and heard, even above the hurly-burly of the pack of carriages and street-crossers, his shrill cry, — "Extry Woild 'r Joinal. Terrible-





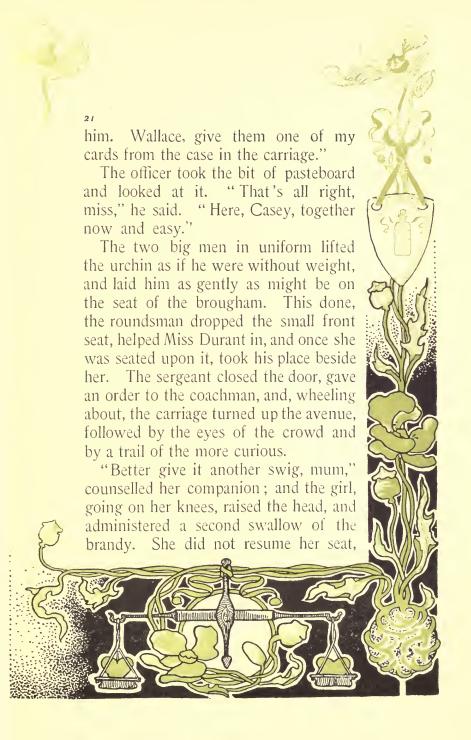


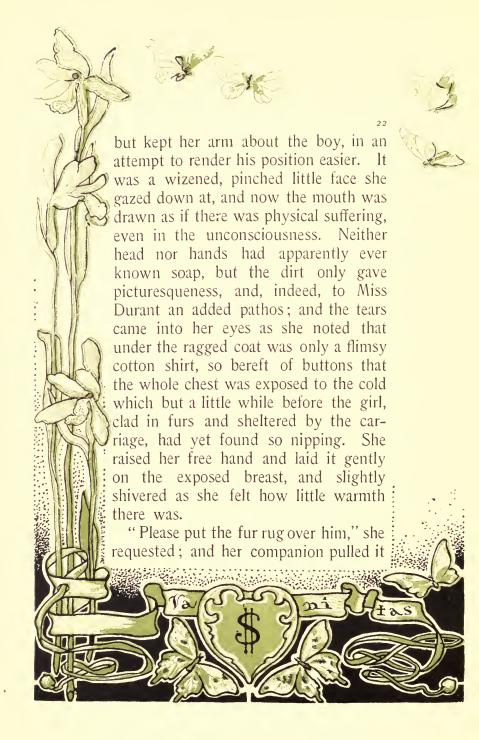


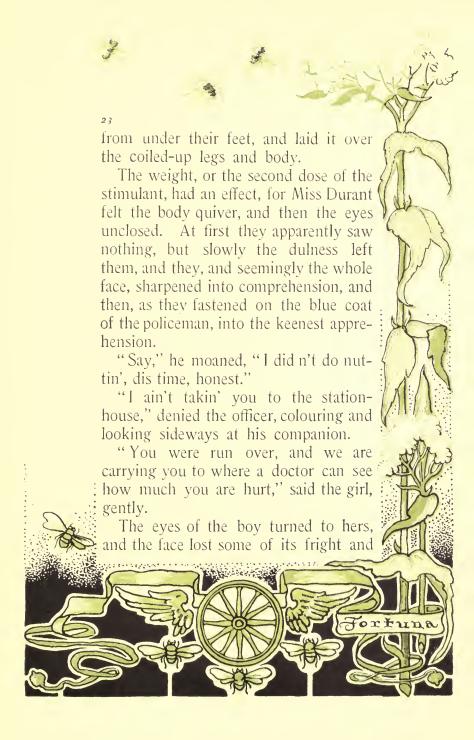


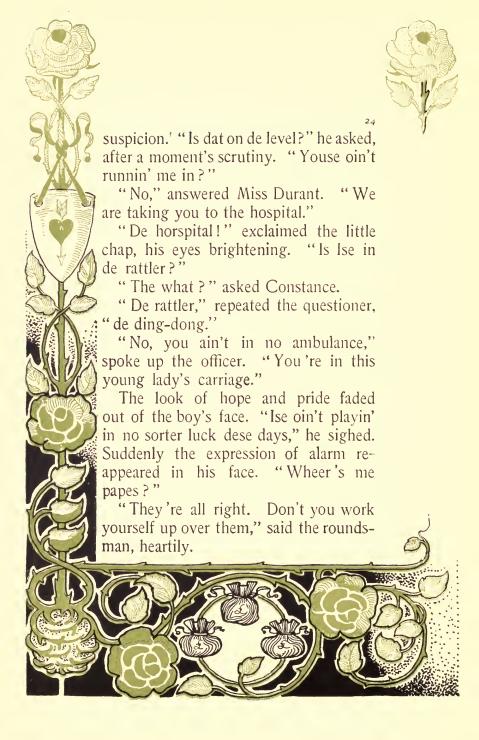


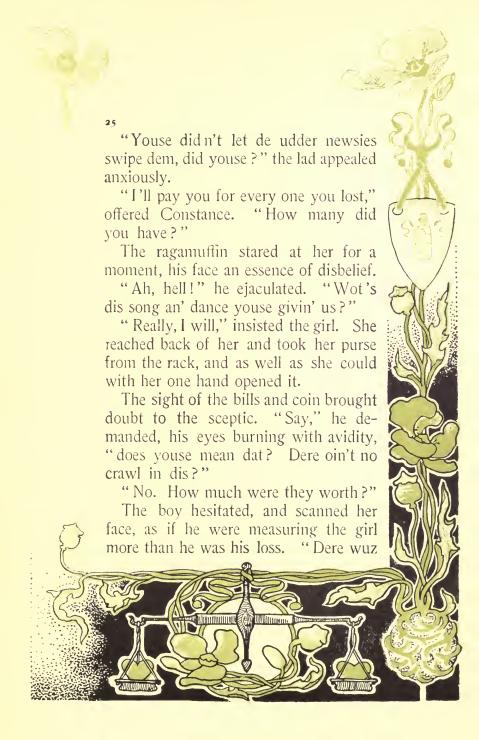


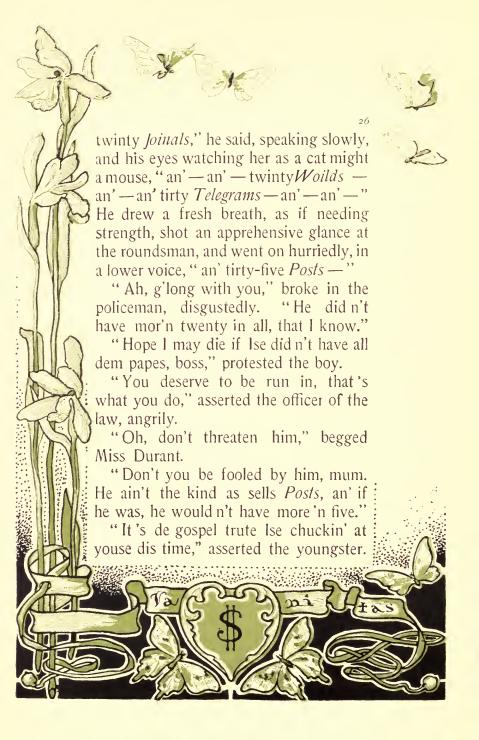


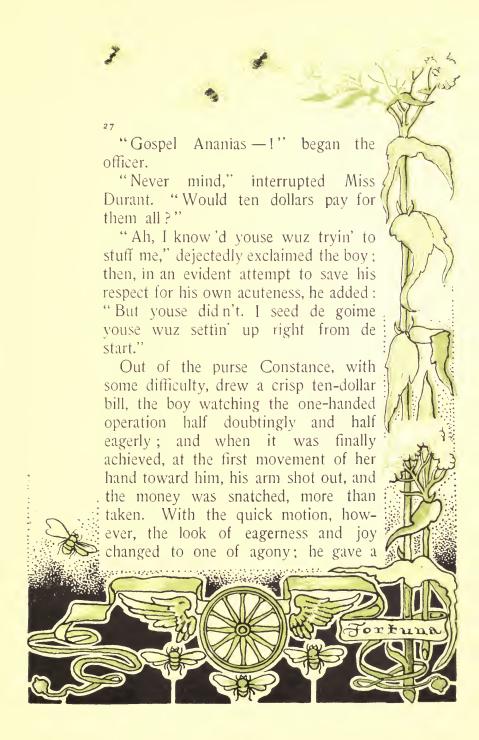


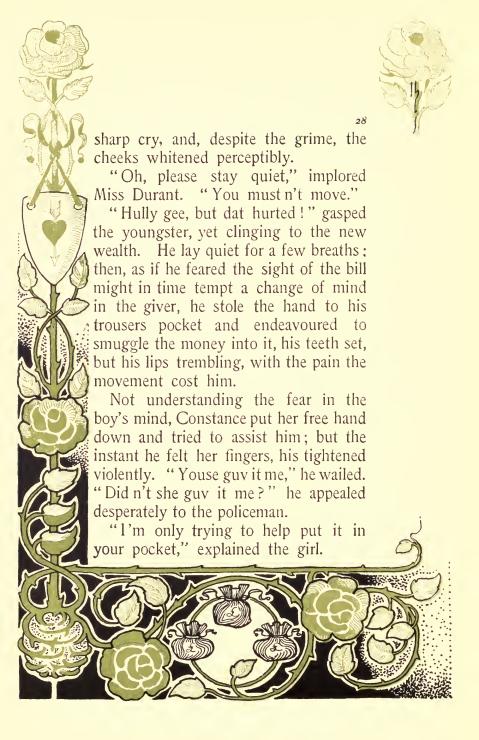


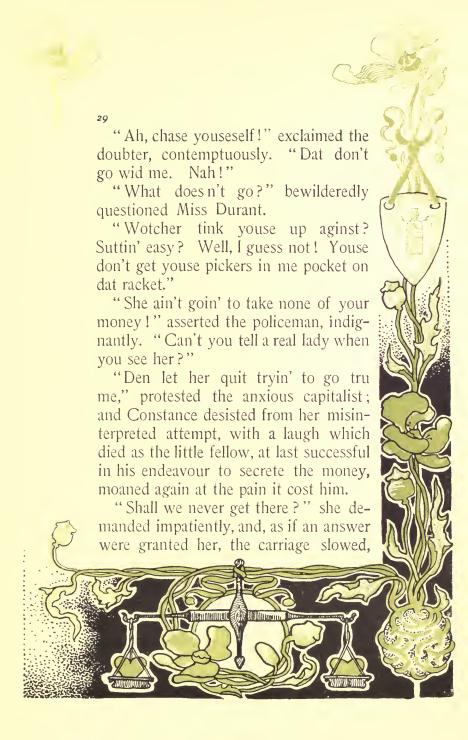


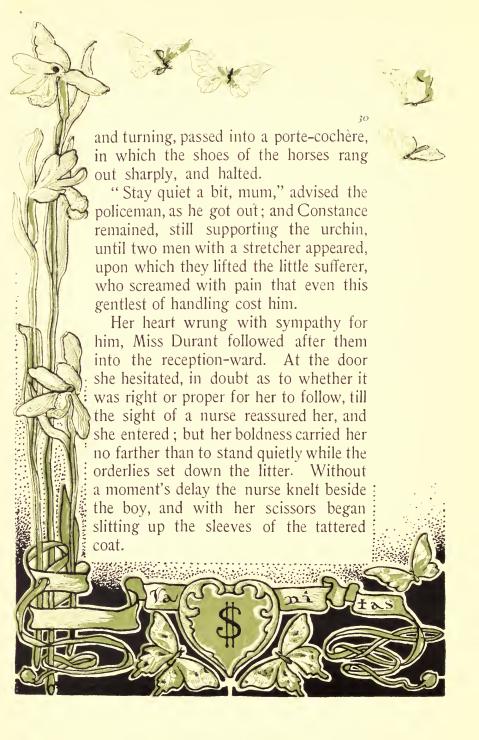


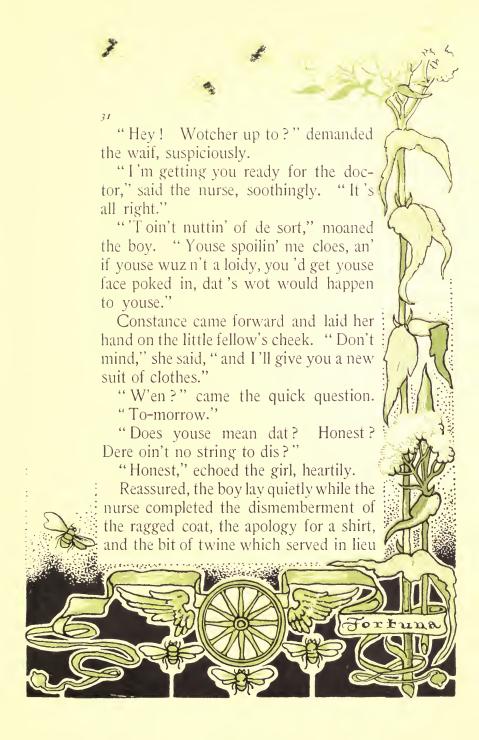


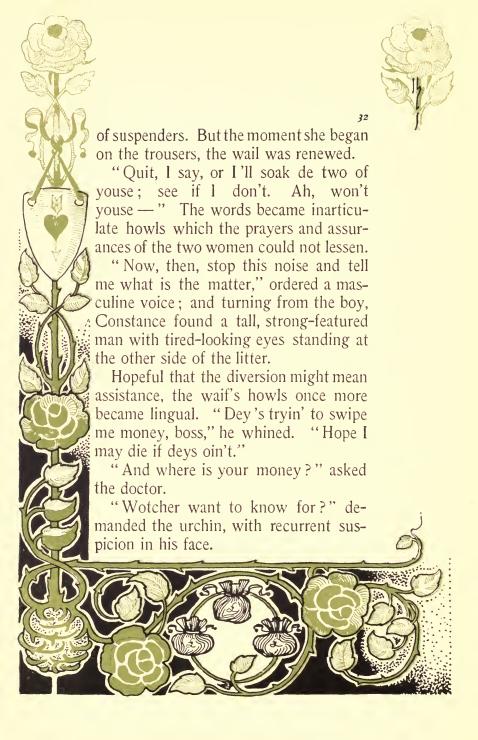












"It's in the pocket of his trousers, Dr. Armstrong," said the nurse.

Without the slightest attempt to reassure the boy, the doctor forced loose the boy's hold on the pocket, and inserting his hand, drew out the ten-dollar bill and a medley of small coins.

"Now," he said, "I've taken your money, so they can't. Understand?"

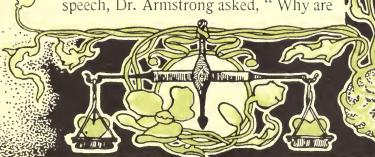
The urchin began to snivel.

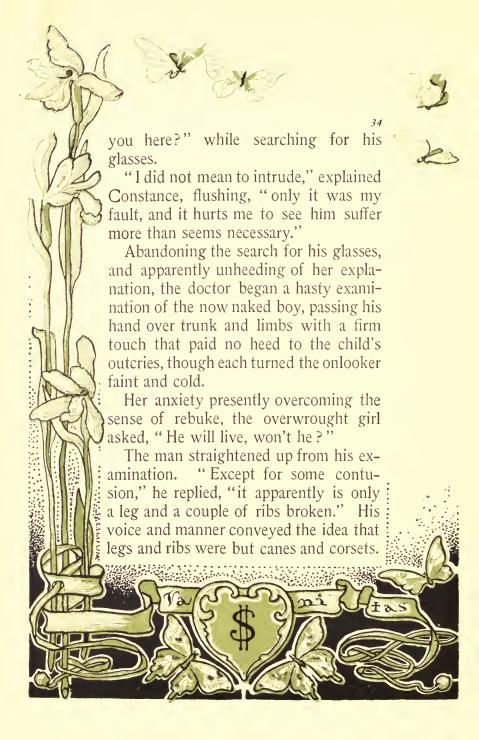
"Ah, you have no right to be so cruel to him," protested Miss Durant. "It's perfectly natural. Just think how we would feel if we did n't understand."

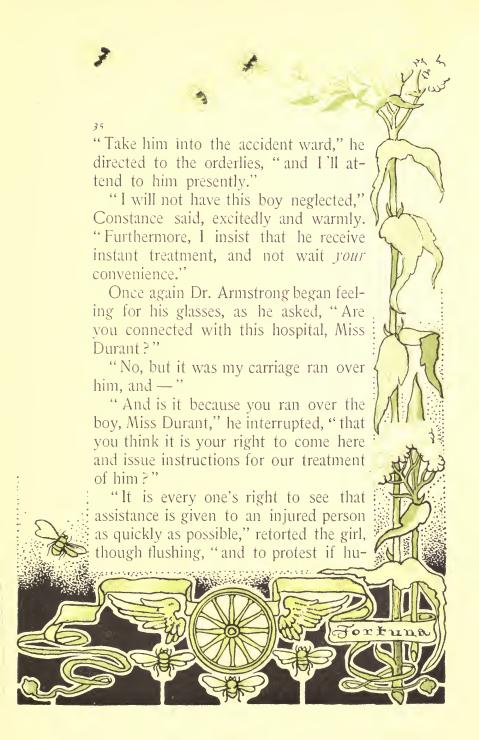
The doctor fumbled for his eye-glasses, but not finding them quickly enough, squinted his eyelids in an endeavour to see the speaker. "And who are you?" he demanded.

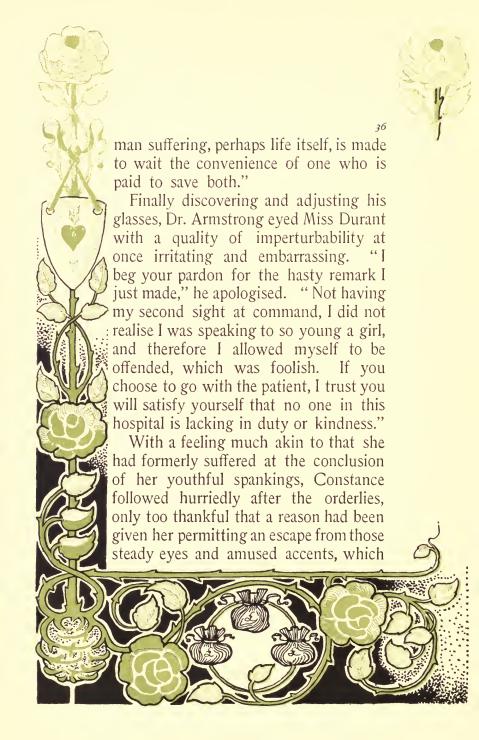
"Why, I am—that is—I am Miss Durant, and—" stuttered the girl.

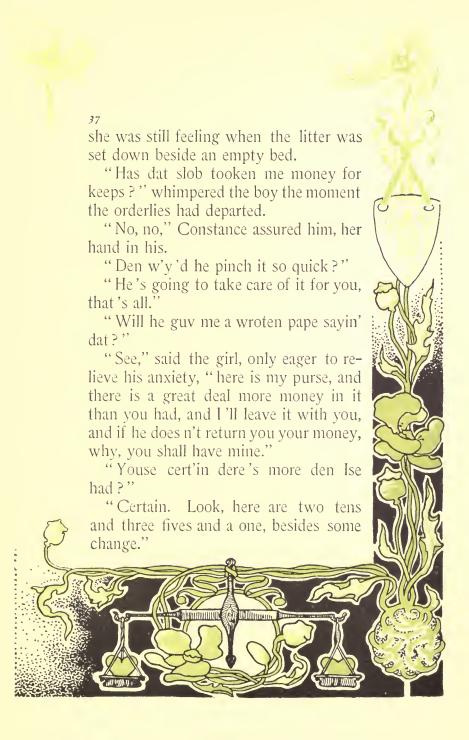
Not giving her time to finish her speech, Dr. Armstrong asked, "Why are

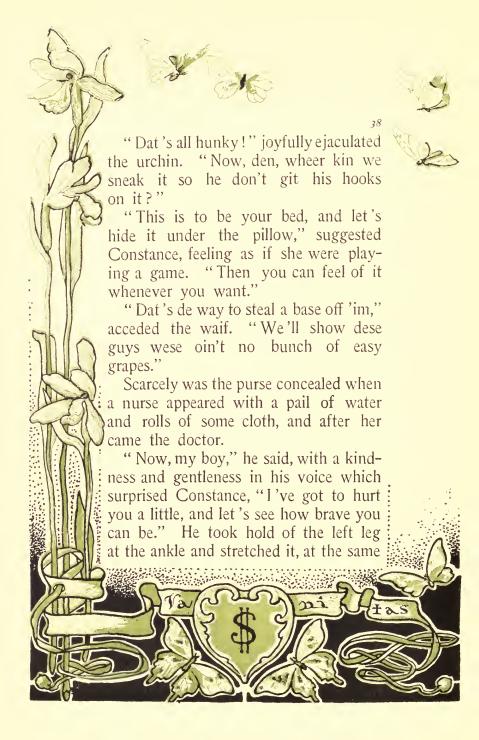


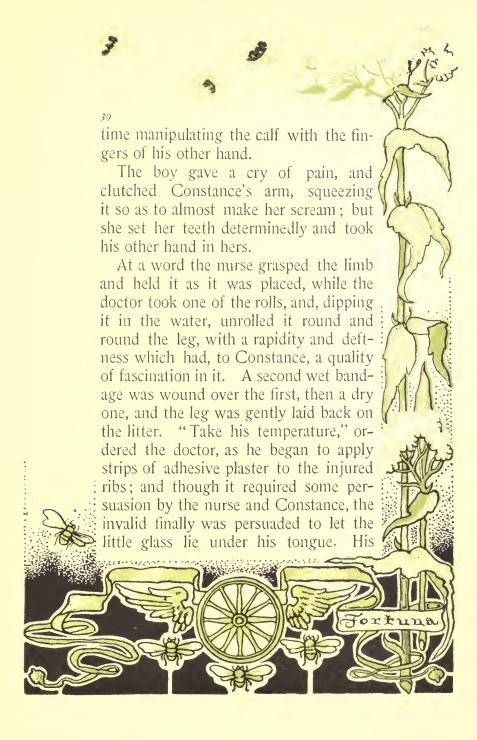


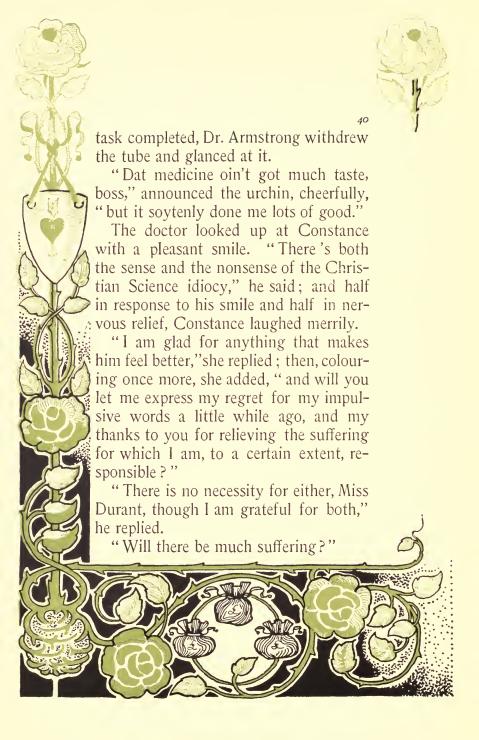












"Probably no more than ordinarily occurs in such simple fractures," said the doctor; "and we'll certainly do our best that there shall not be."

"And may I see him to-morrow?"

"Certainly, if you come between eleven and one."

"Thank you," said Constance. "And one last favour. Will you tell me the way to my carriage?"

"If you will permit me, I'll see you

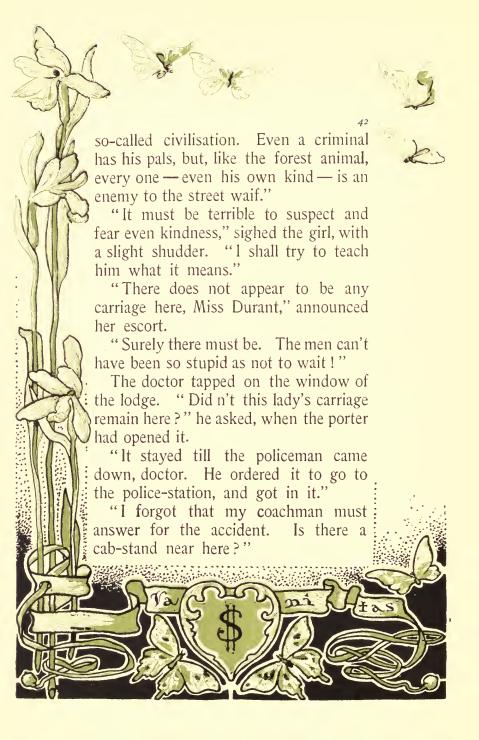
to it," offered Dr. Armstrong.

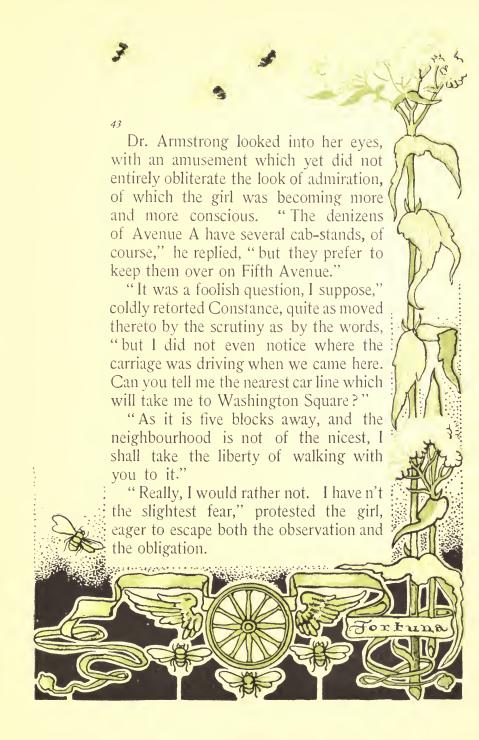
With an acknowledgment of the head, Constance turned and took the boy's hand and said a good-bye.

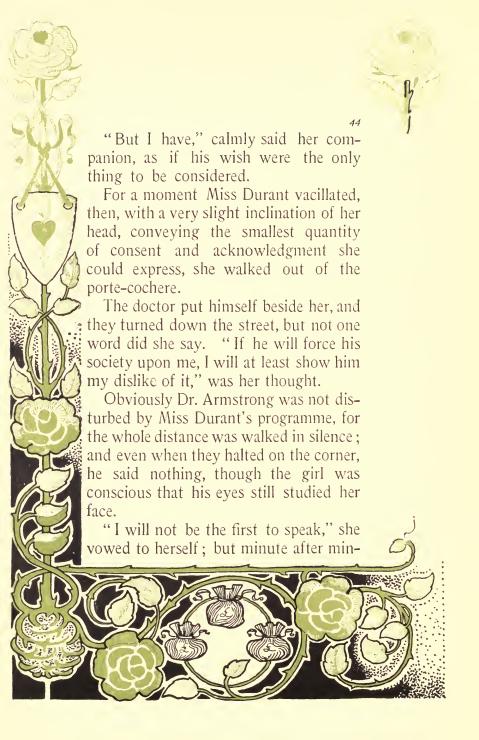
"Do you suppose all newsboys are so dreadfully sharp and suspicious?" she asked of her guide, as they began to descend the stairs, more because she was conscious that he was eyeing her with steady scrutiny than for any other reason.

"I suppose the life is closer to that of the wild beast than anything we have in









ute passed without the slightest attempt or apparent wish on his part, and finally she asked, "Are you sure this line is running?"

Her attendant pointed up the street. "That vellow light is your car. I don't know why the intervals are so long this

evening. Usually—"

He was interrupted by the girl suddenly clutching at her dress, and then giving an exclamation of real consternation.

"What is it?" he questioned.

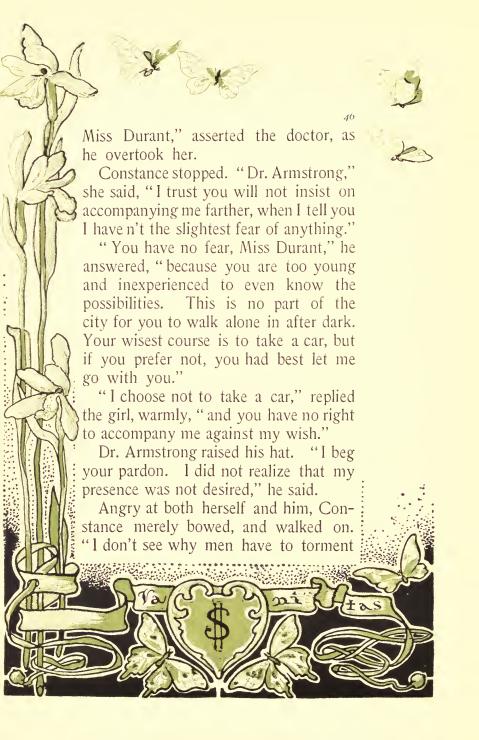
"Why, I — nothing — that is, I think — I prefer to walk home, after all," she stammered.

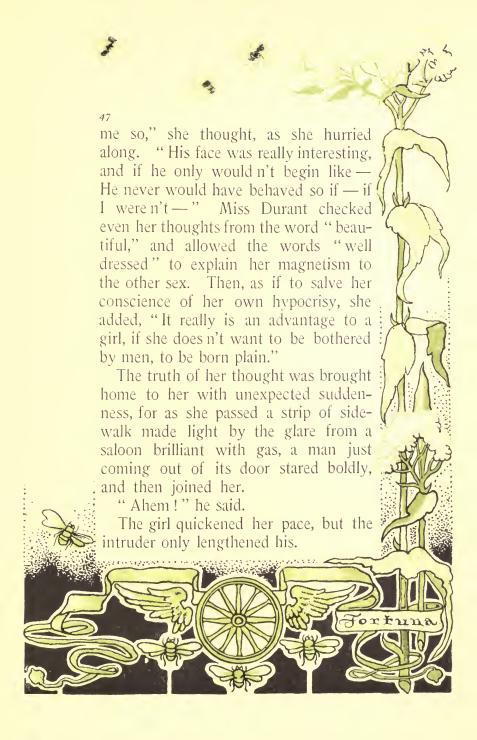
"You must n't do that. It's over two miles, and through a really rough district."

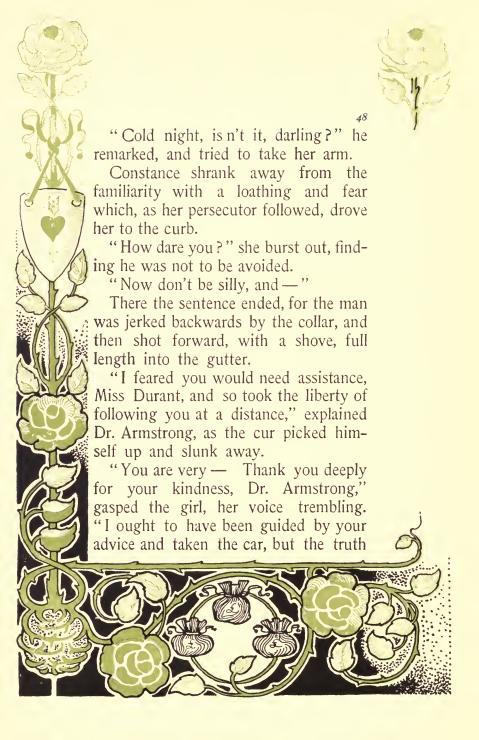
"I choose to, none the less," answered Constance, starting across the street.

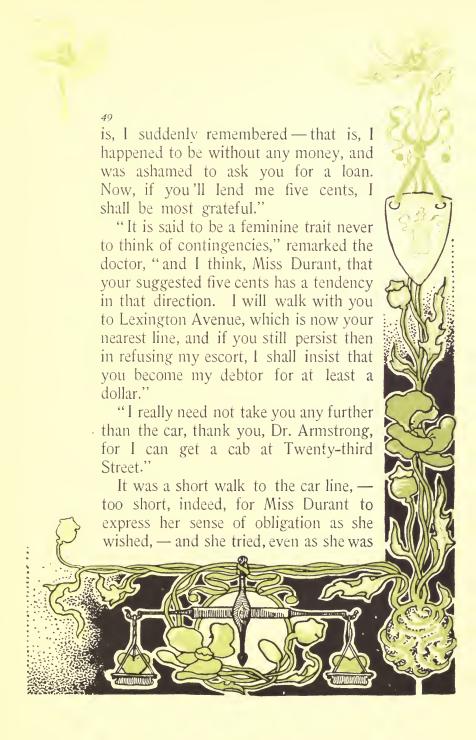
"Then you will have to submit to my safeguard for some time longer,

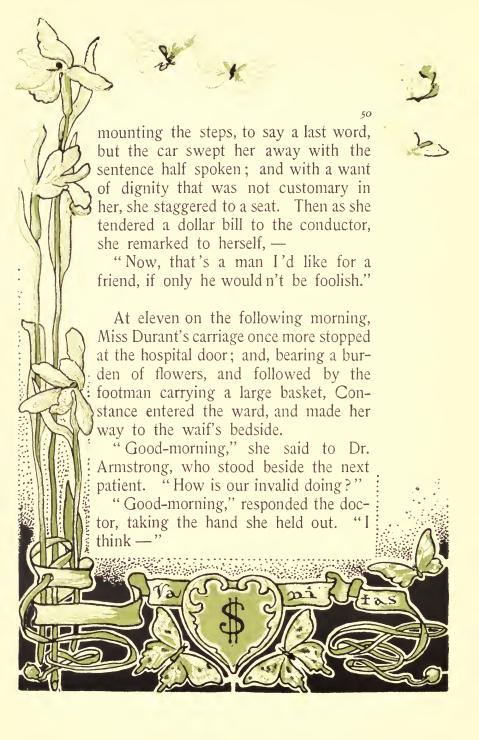


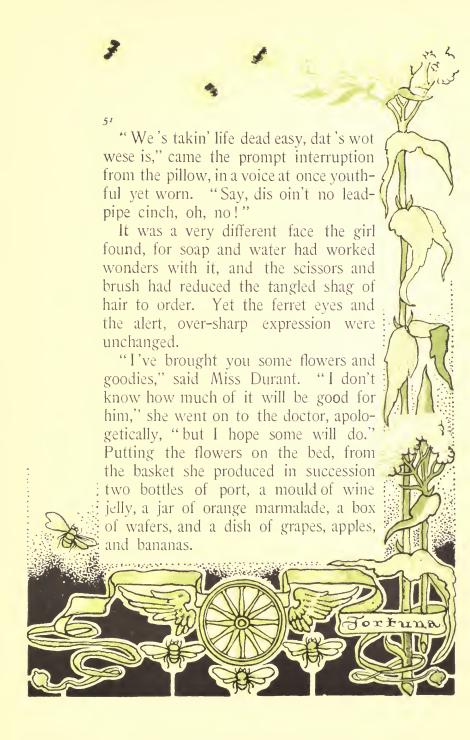


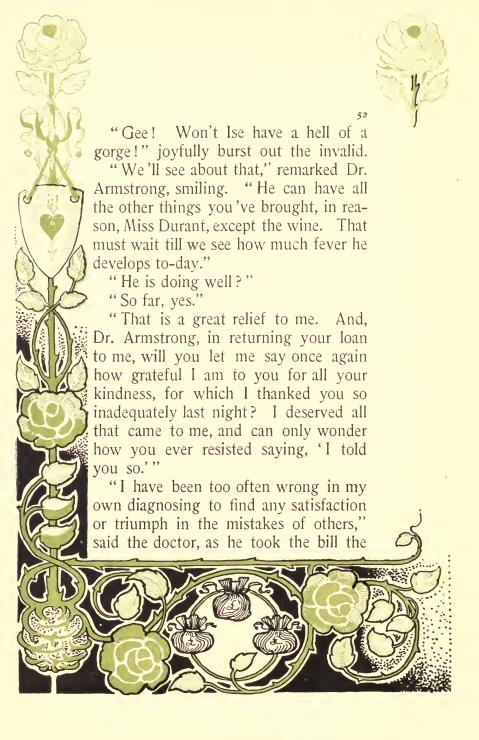


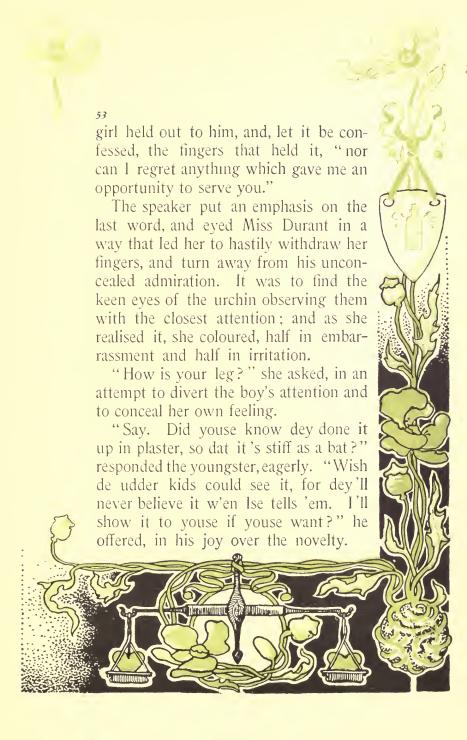


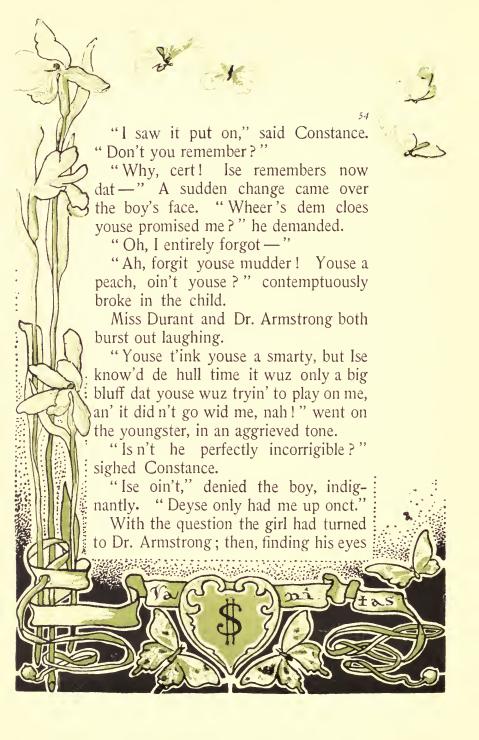


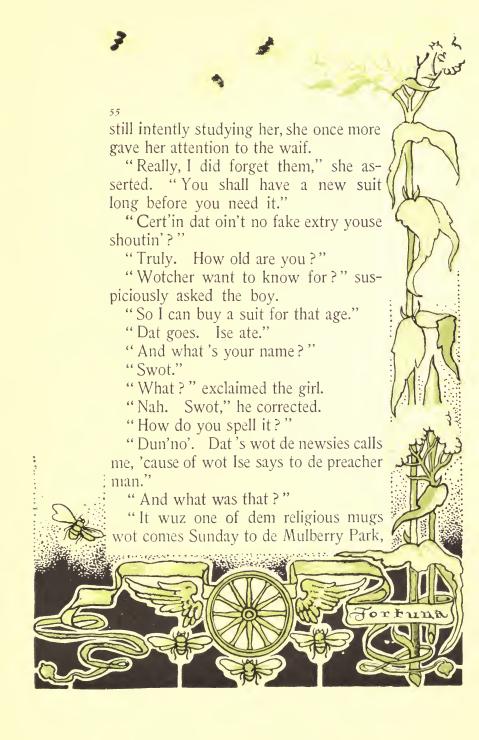


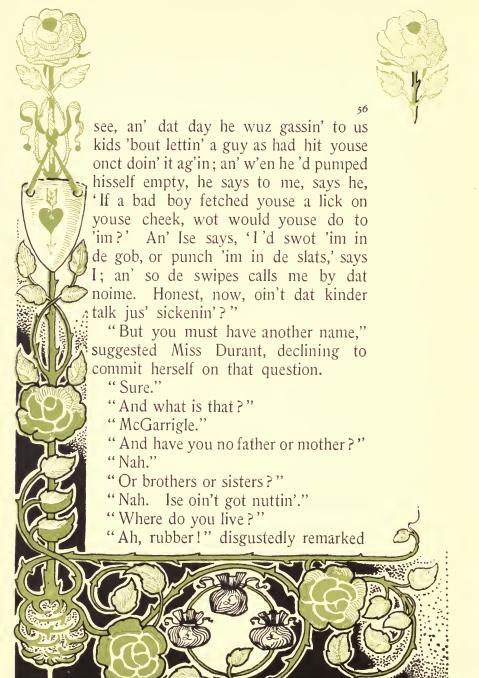


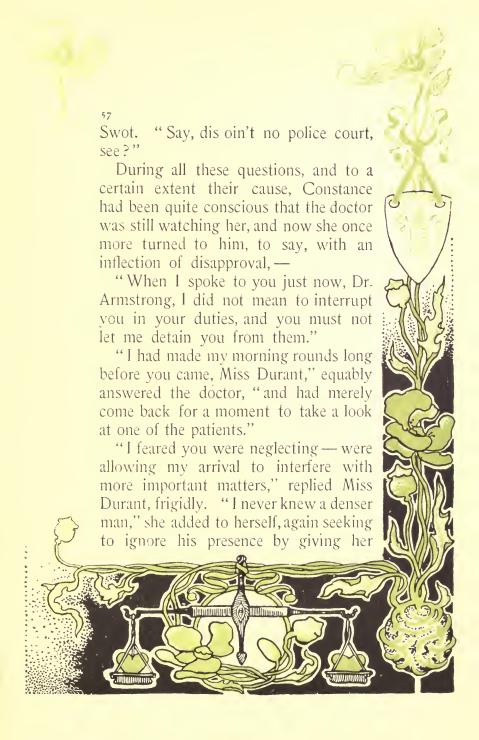


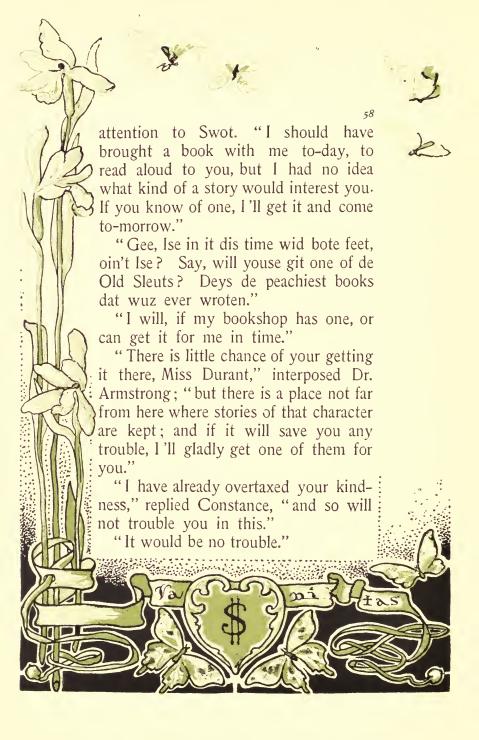


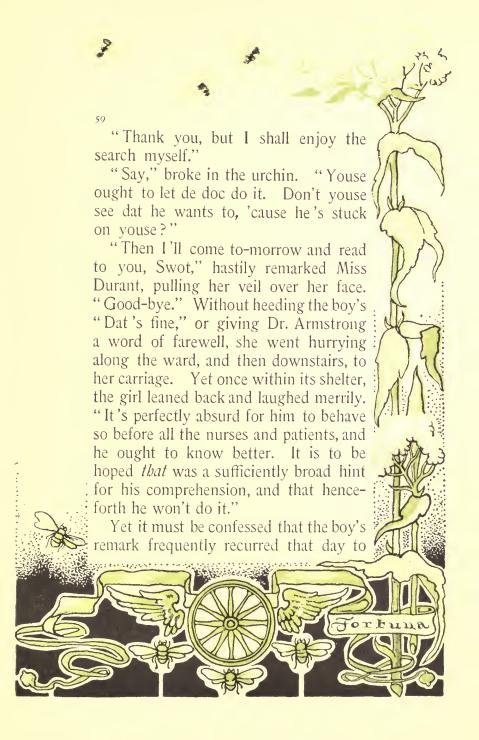


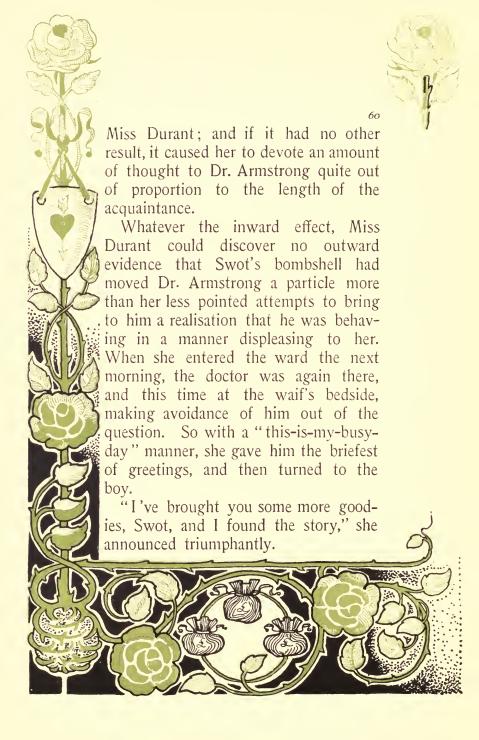


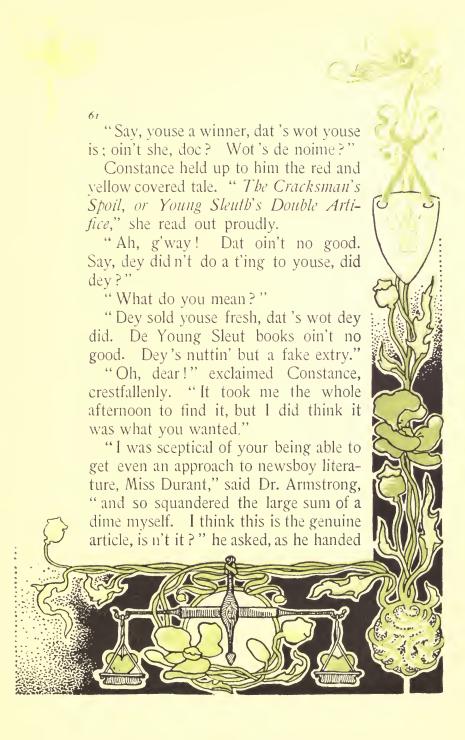


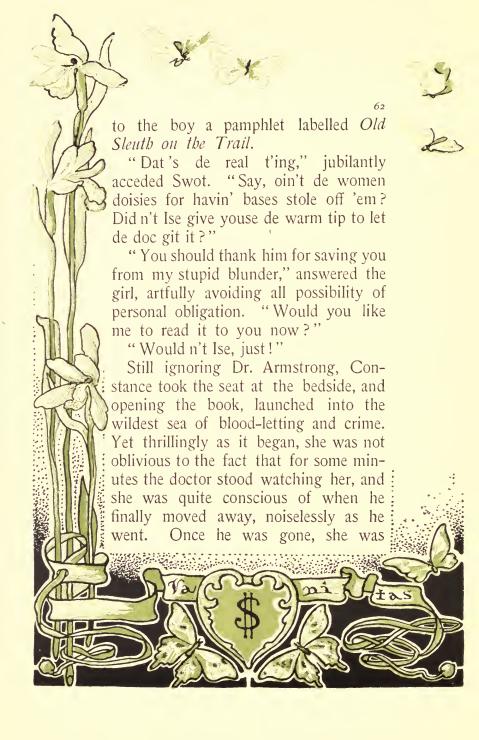


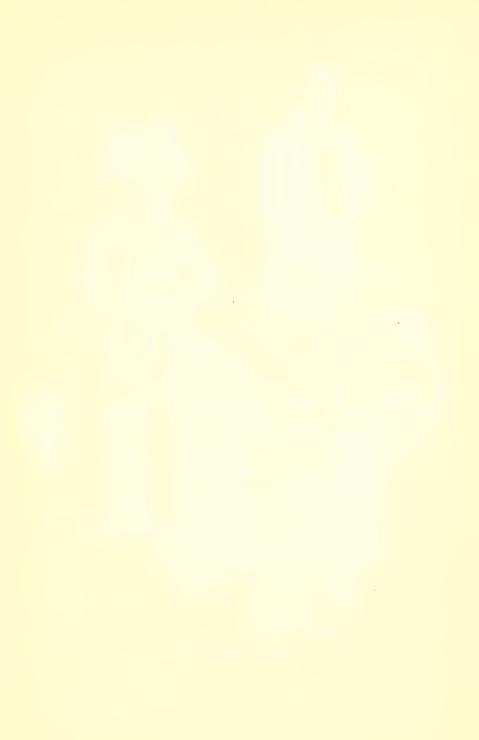


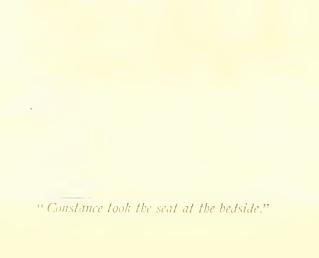








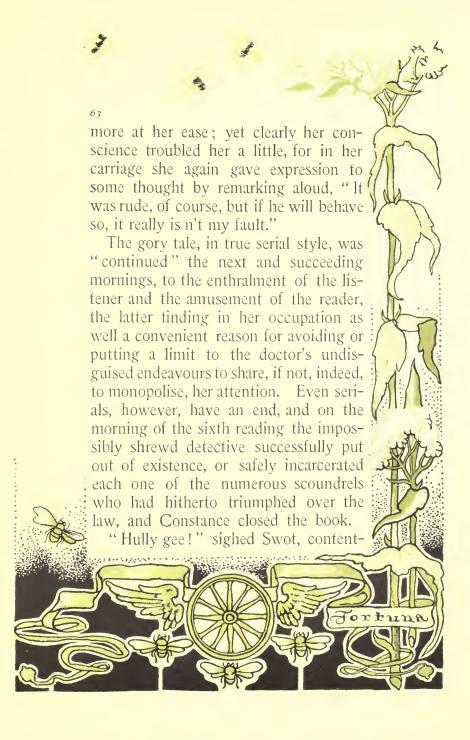


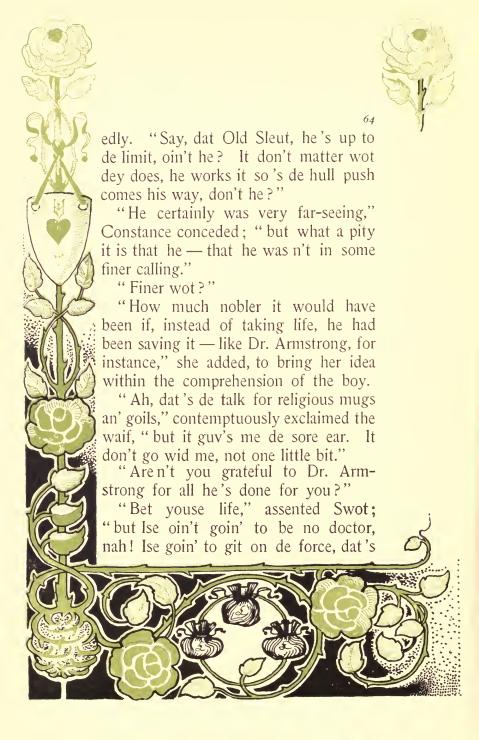


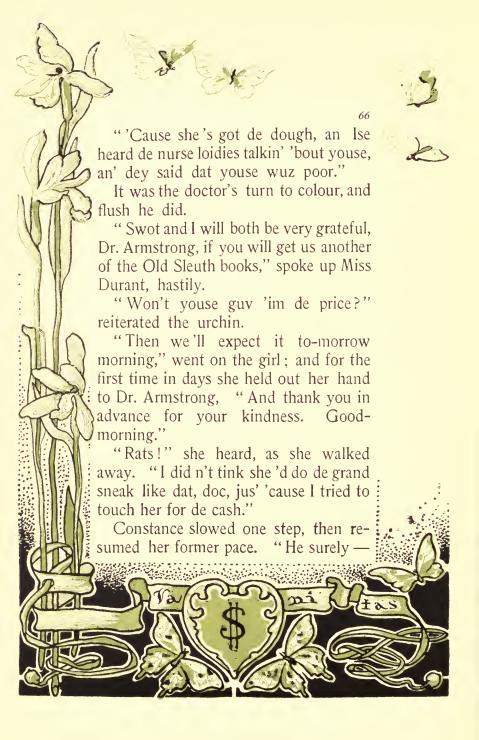


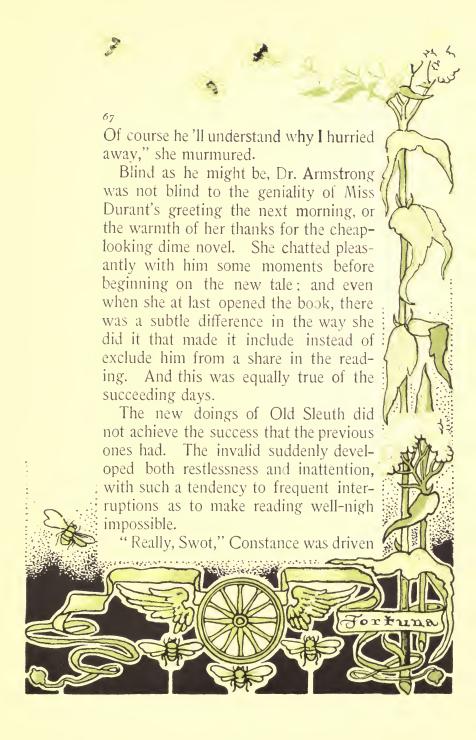
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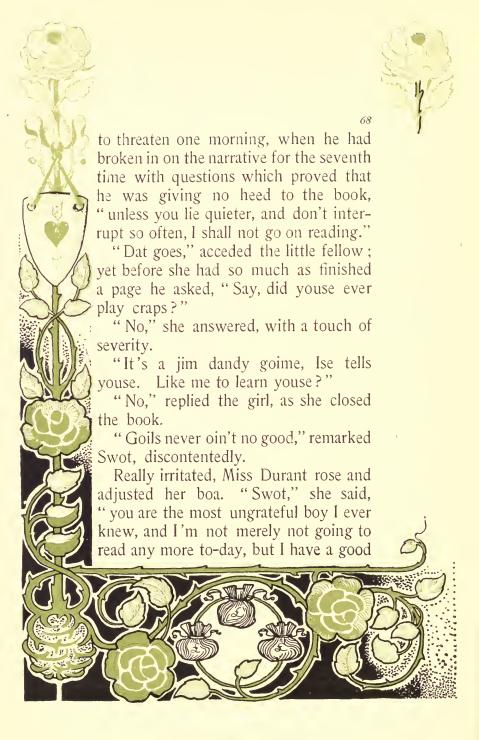












mind not to come to-morrow, just to punish vou."

"Ah, chase youseself!" was the response. "Youse can't pass dat gold brick on me, well, I guess!"

"What are you talking about?" in-

dignantly asked Constance.

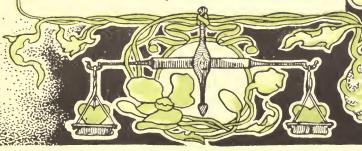
"Tink Ise oin't onter youse curves? Tink Ise don't hear wot de nurse loidies says? Gee! Ise know w'y youse so fond of comin' here."

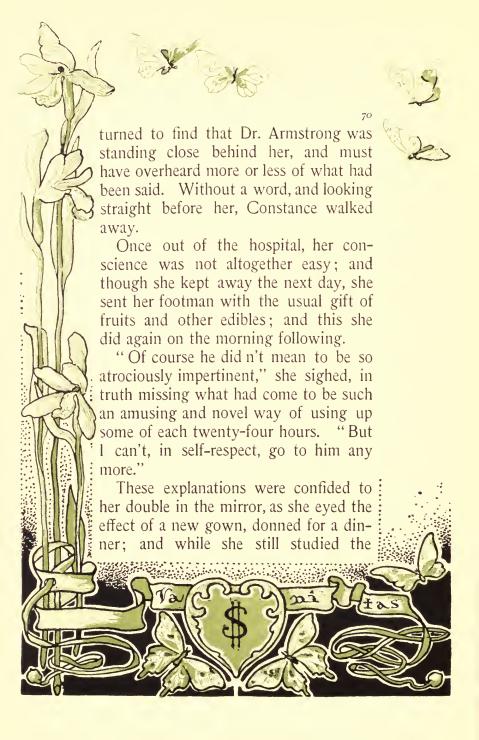
"Why do I come here?" asked Constance, in a voice full of warning.

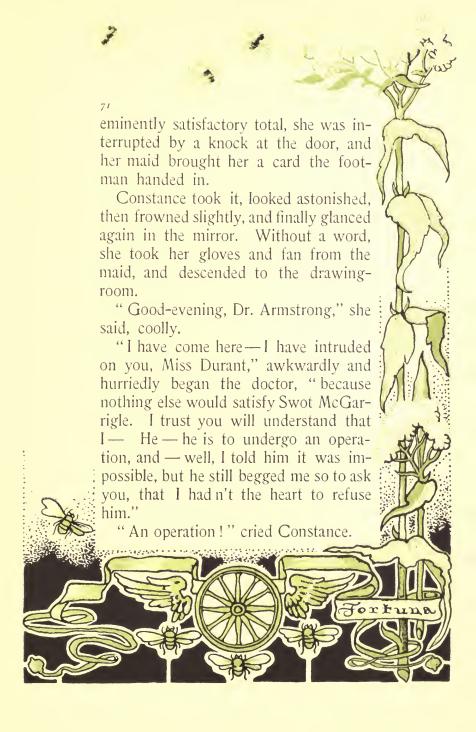
The tone was wasted on the boy.

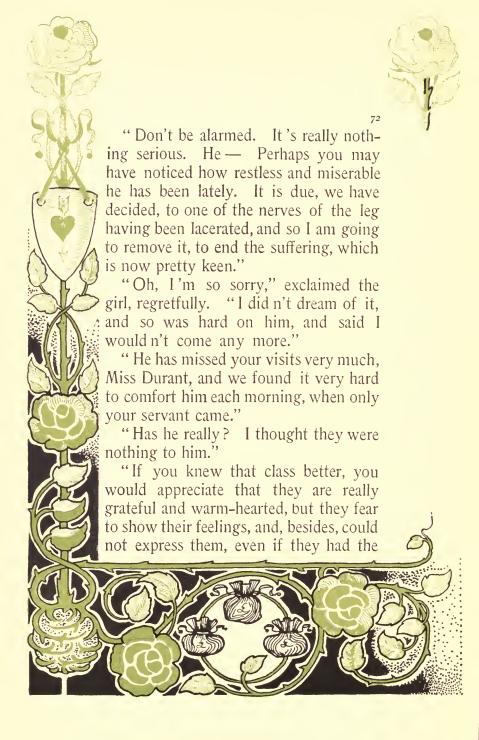
"'Cause youse dead gone on de doc."

"I am sorry you don't know better than to talk like that, Swot," said the girl, quietly, "because I wanted to be good to you, and now you have put an end to my being able to be. You will have to get some one else to read to you after this. Good-bye." She passed her hand kindly over his forehead, and





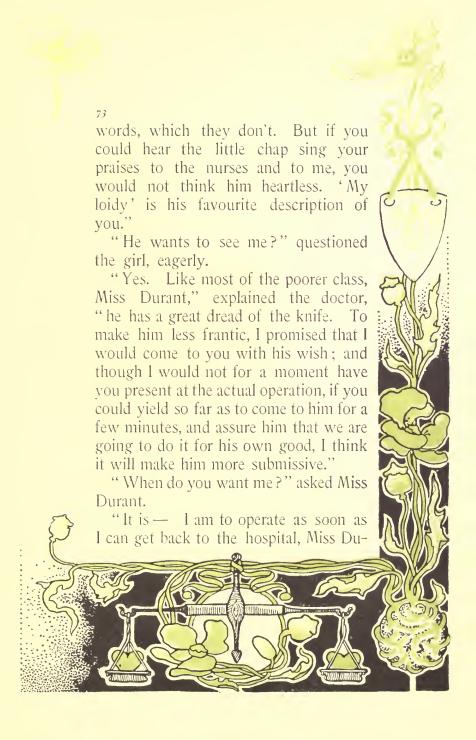


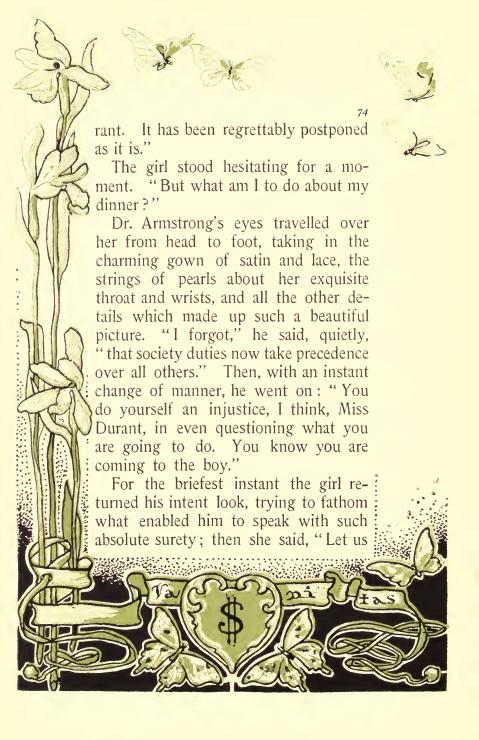


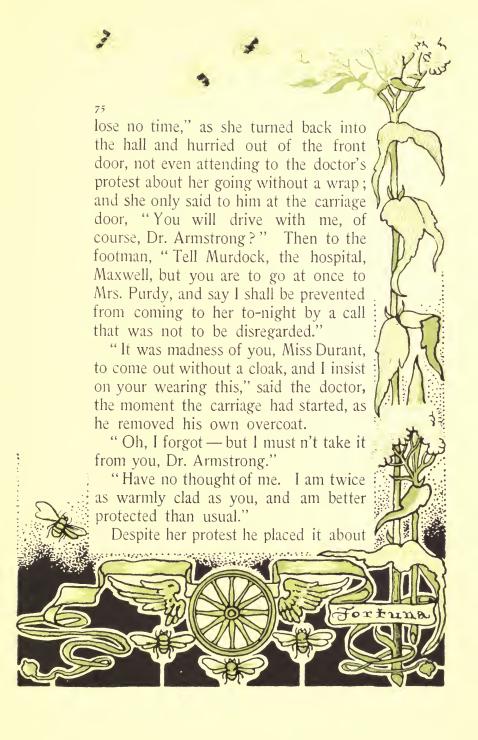


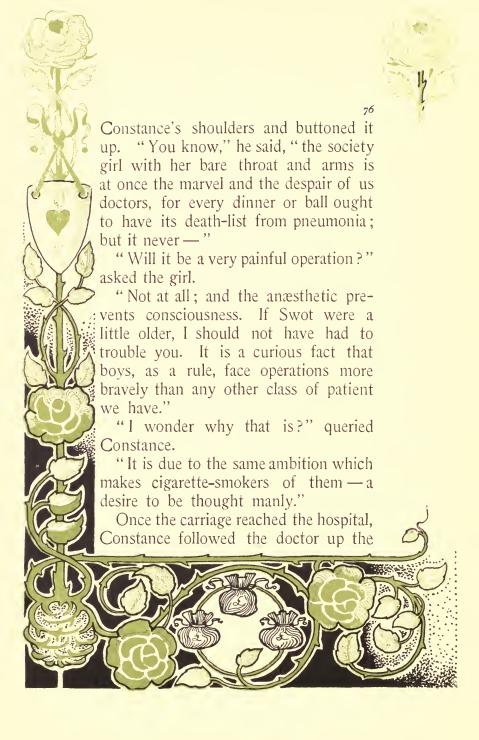










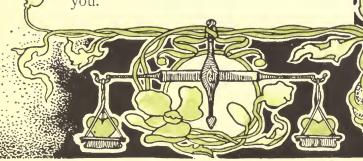


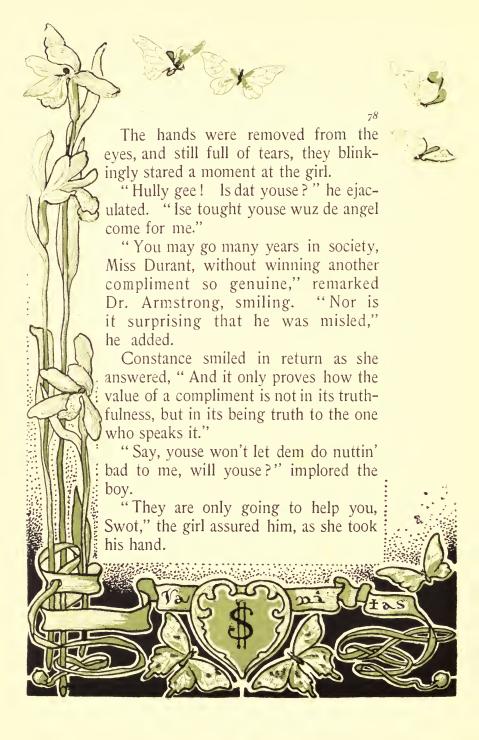
stairs and through the corridor. "Let me relieve you of the coat, Miss Durant," he advised, and took it from her and passed it over to one of the orderlies. Then, opening a door, he made way for her to enter.

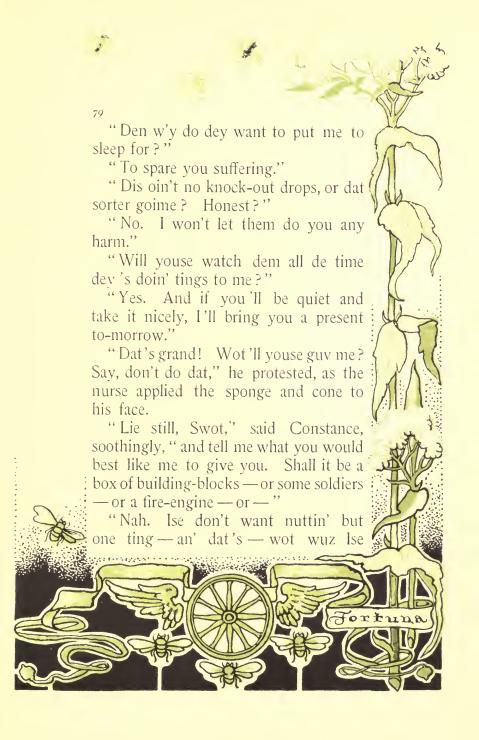
Constance passed into a medium-sized room, which a first glance showed her to be completely lined with marble; but there her investigations ceased, for her eyes rested on the glass table upon which lay the little fellow, while beside him stood a young doctor and a nurse. At the sound of her footsteps the boy turned his head till he caught sight of her, when, after an instant's stare, he surprised the girl by hiding his eyes and beginning to cry.

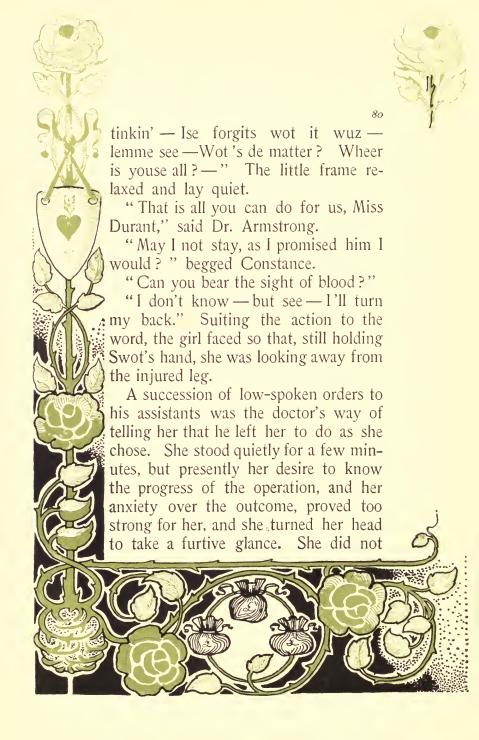
"Ise knowed all along youse wuz goin' to kill me," he sobbed.

"Why, Swot," cried Constance, going to his side. "Nobody is going to kill you."





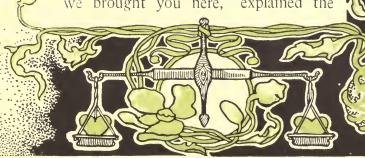


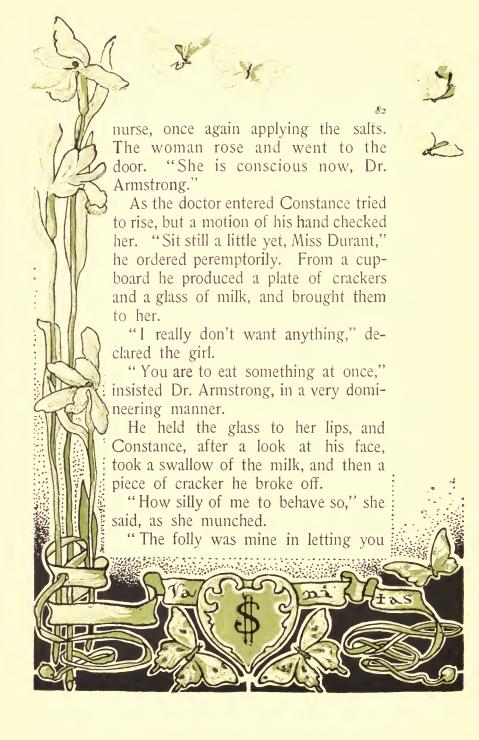


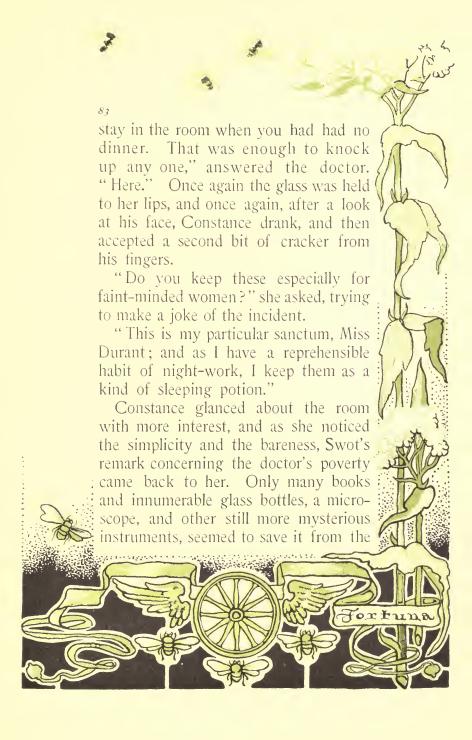
look away again, but with a strange mixture of fascination and squeamishness, she watched as the bleeding was stanched with sponges, each artery tied, and each muscle drawn aside, until finally the nerve was reached and removed: and she could not but feel both wonder and admiration as she noted how Dr. Armstrong's hands, at other times seemingly so much in his way, now did their work so skilfully and rapidly. Not till the operation was over, and the resulting wound was being sprayed with antiseptics, did the girl realize how cold and faint she felt, or how she was trembling. Dropping the hand of the boy, she caught at the operating-table, and then the room turned black.

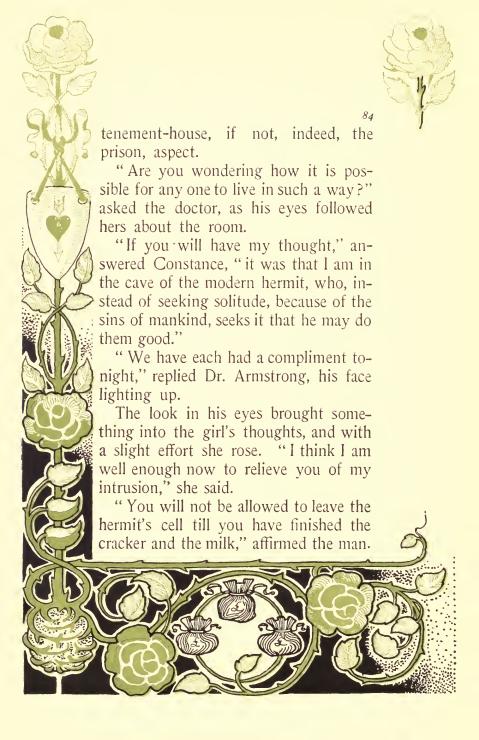
"It's really nothing," she asserted. "I only felt dizzy for an instant. Why! Where am 1?"

"You fainted away, Miss Durant, and we brought you here," explained the









"I only regret that I can't keep up the character by offering you locusts and

wild honey.'

"At least don't think it necessary to stay here with me," said Miss Durant, as she dutifully began to eat and drink again. "If — oh — the operation — How is Swot?"

- "Back in the ward, though not yet conscious."
 - "And the operation?"

"Absolutely successful."

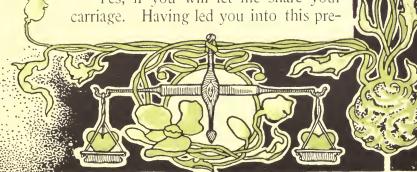
"Despite my interruption?"

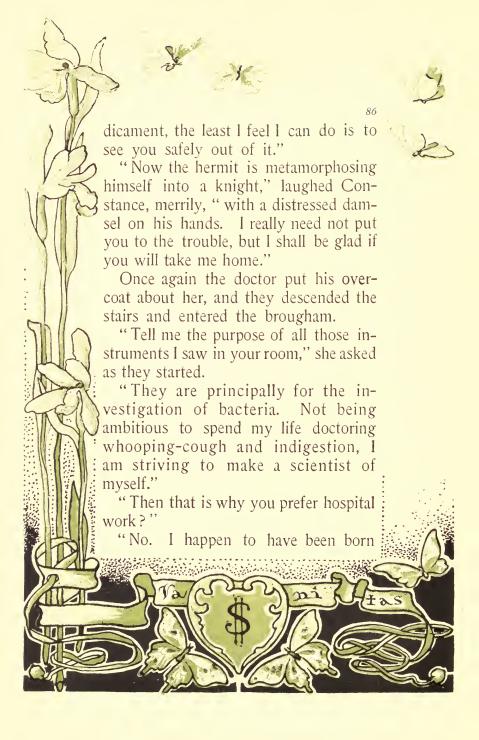
"Another marvel to us M.D.'s is the way so sensitive a thing as a woman will hold herself in hand by sheer nerve force when it is necessary. You did not faint till the operation was completed."

"Now may I go?" asked the girl, with a touch of archness, as she held up the

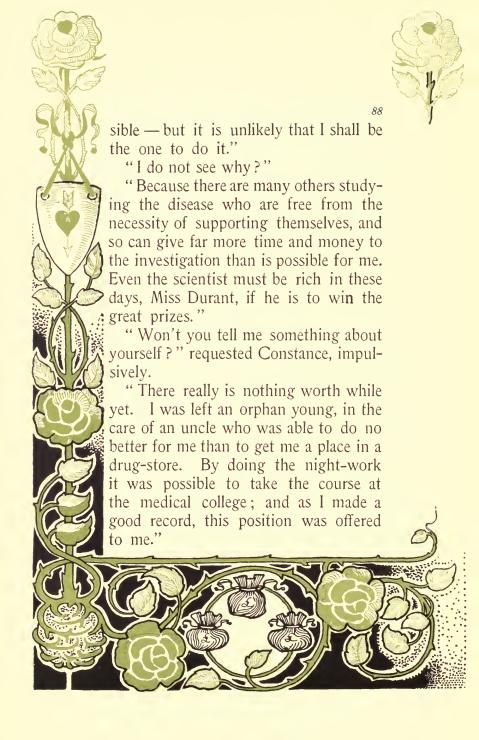
glass and the plate, both empty.

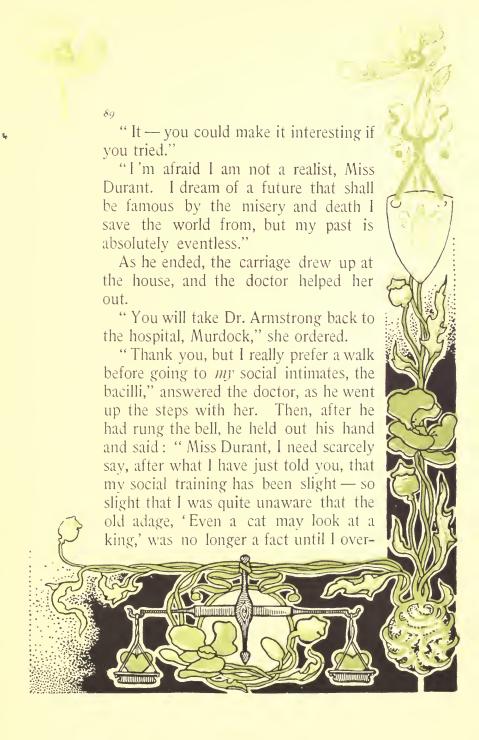
"Yes, if you will let me share your

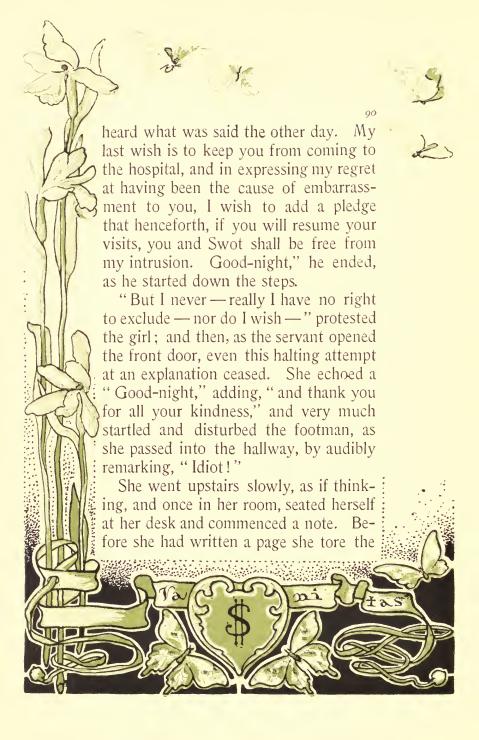


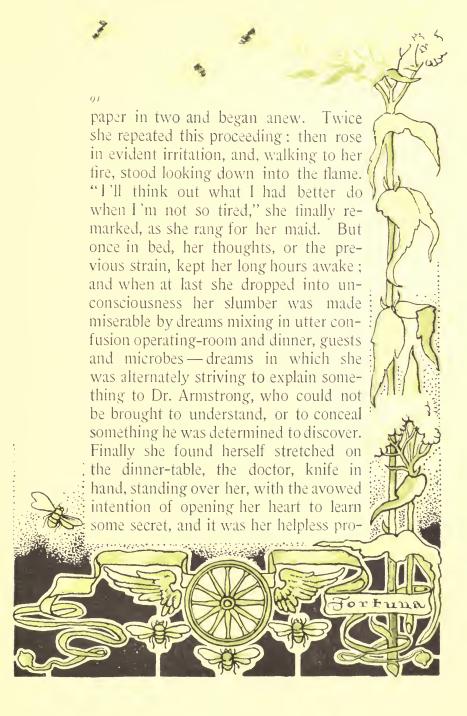


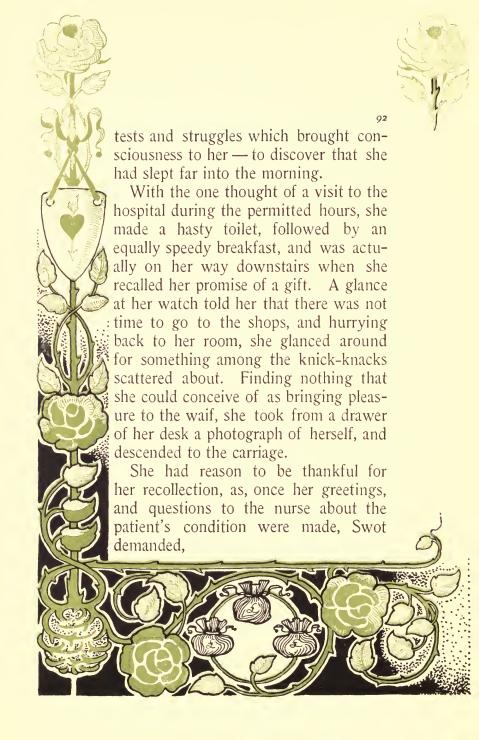
87 with my own living to make in the world, and when I had worked my way through the medical school, I only too gladly became 'Interne' here, not because it is what I wish to do, but because I need the salary." "Yet it seems such a noble work." "Don't think I depreciate it, but what I am doing is only remedial. What I hope to do is to prevent." "How is it possible?" "For four years my every free hour has been given to studying what is now called tuberculosis, and my dream is to demonstrate that it is in fact the parent disease — a breaking down — disintegration — of the bodily substance — the tissue, or cell — and to give to the world a specific." "How splendid!" exclaimed Constance. "And you believe you can?" "Every day makes me more sure that both demonstration and specific are posortuna

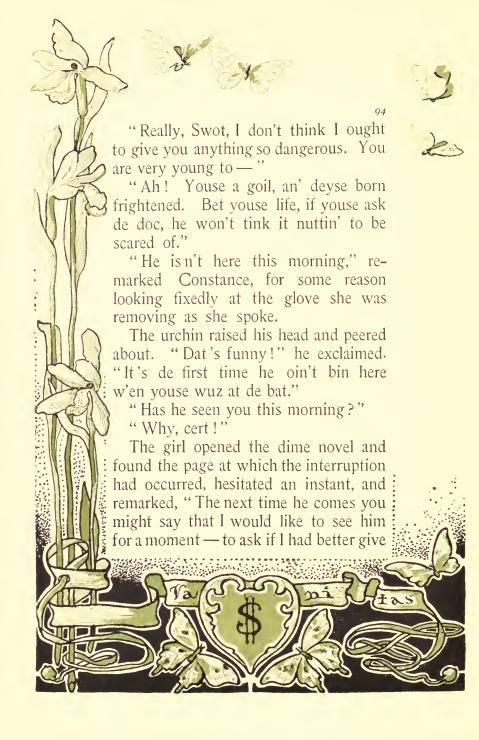


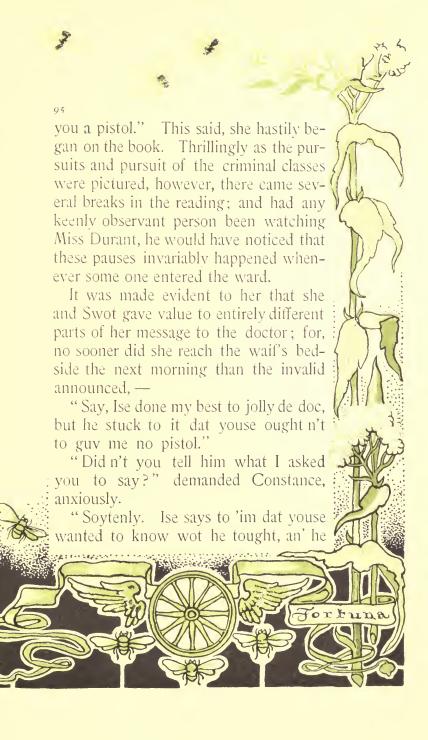


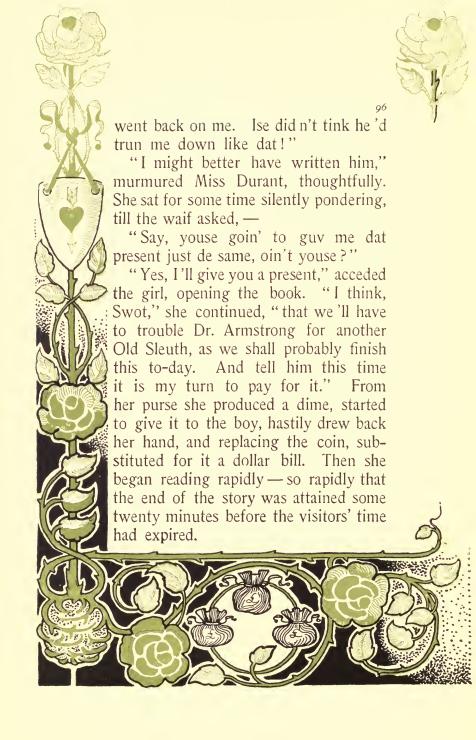


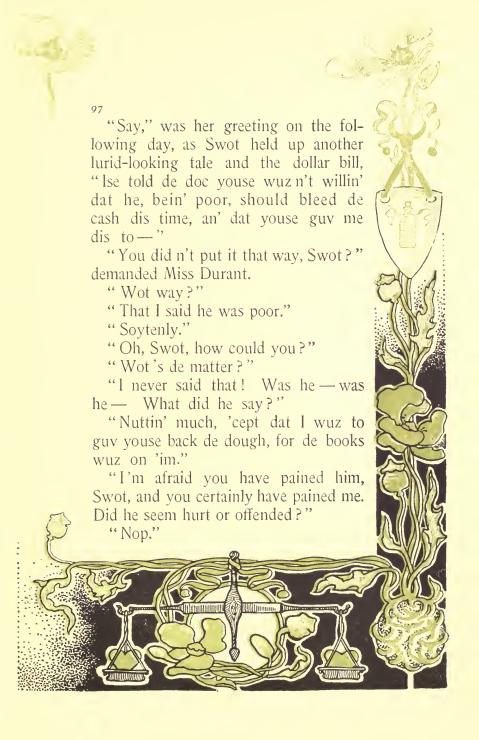


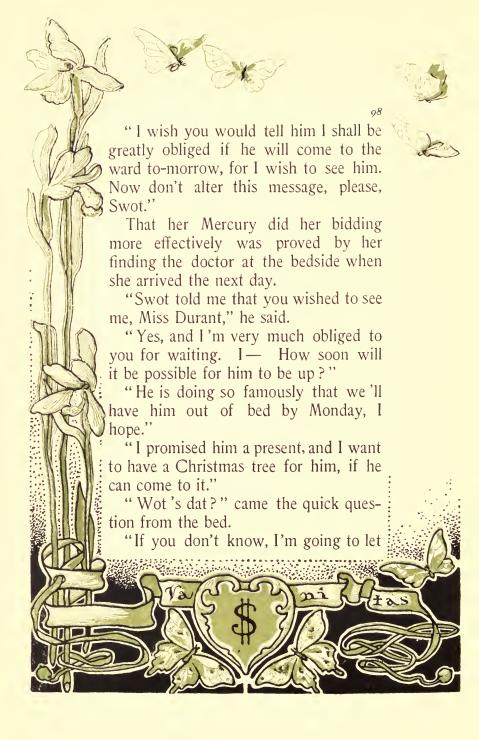


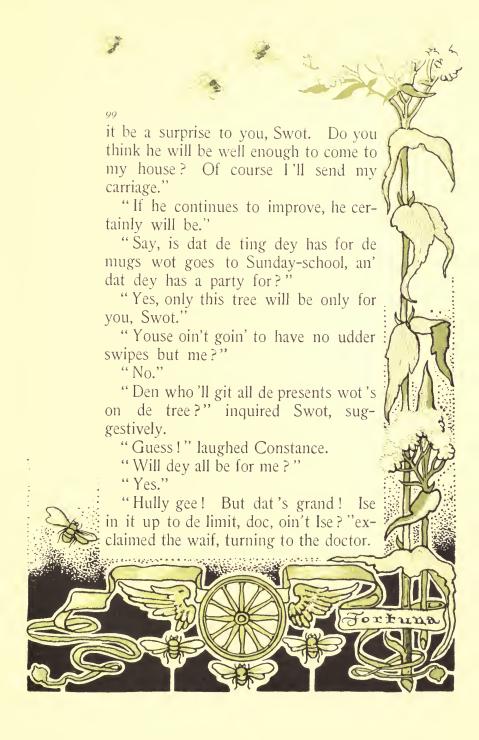


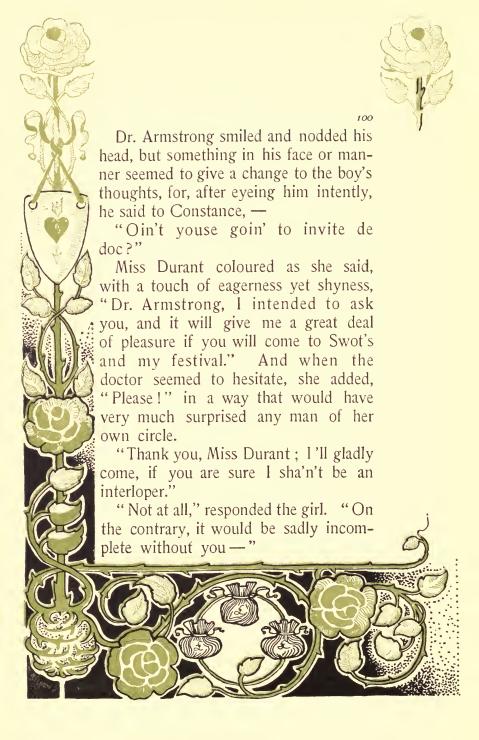


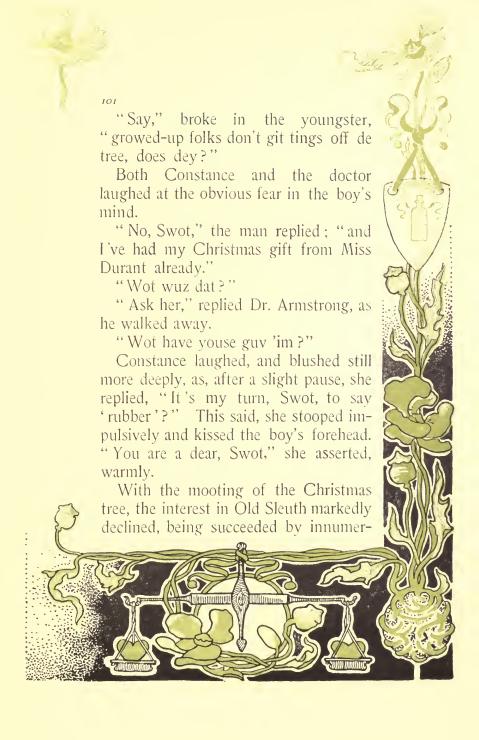


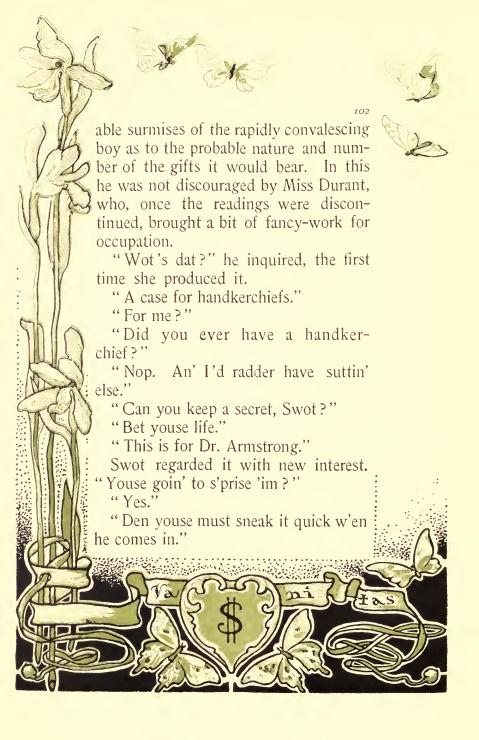


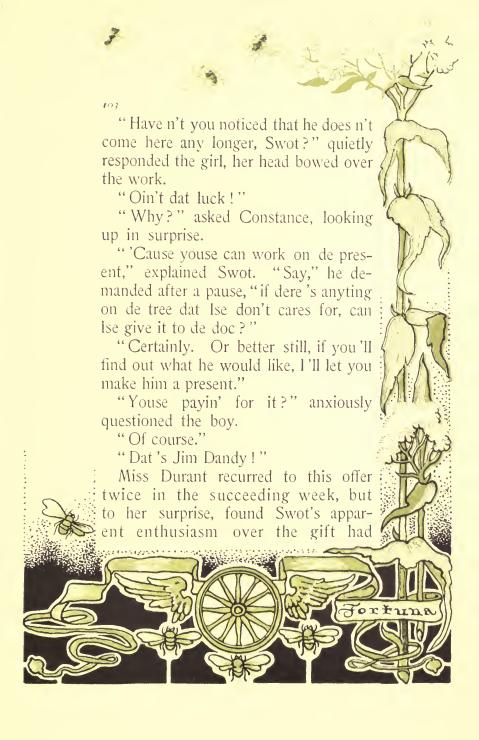


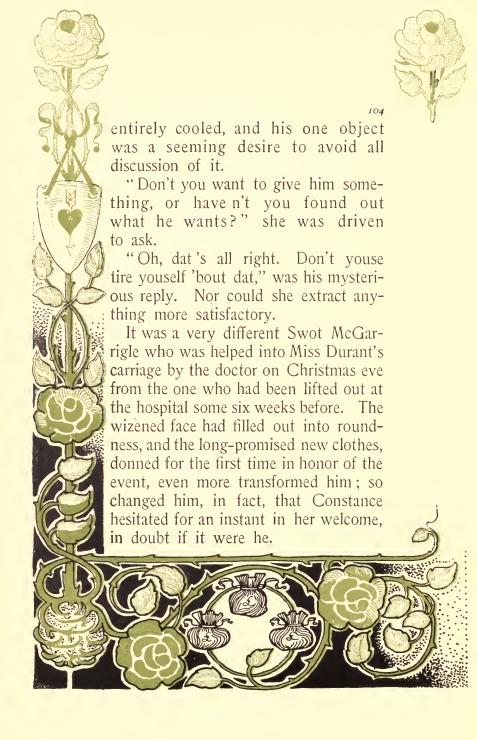


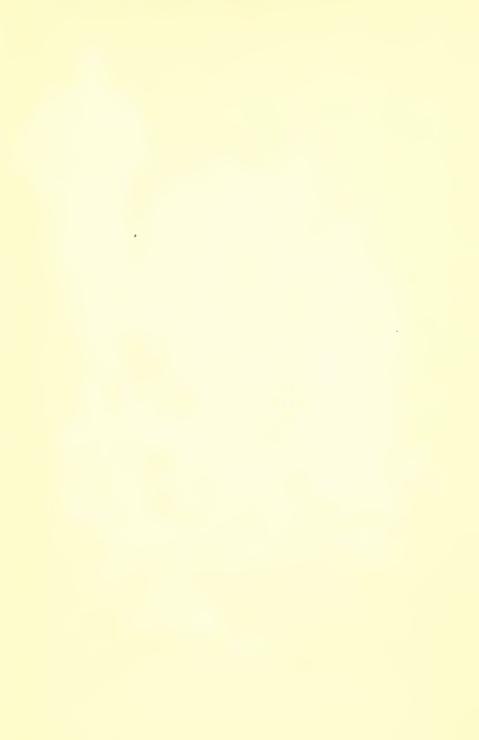










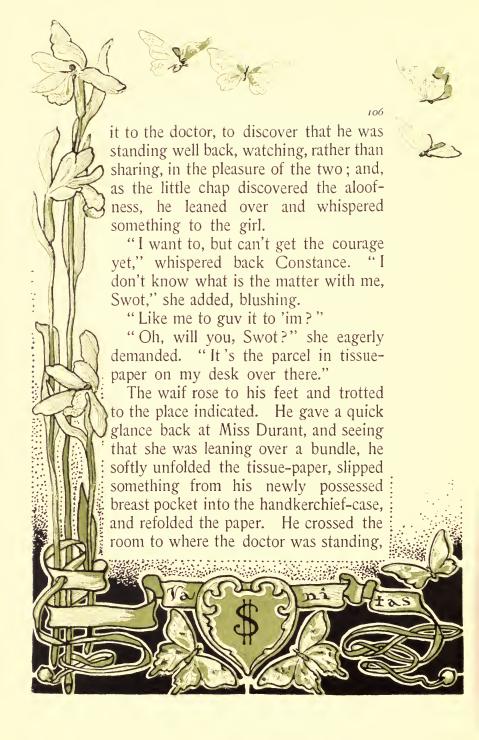


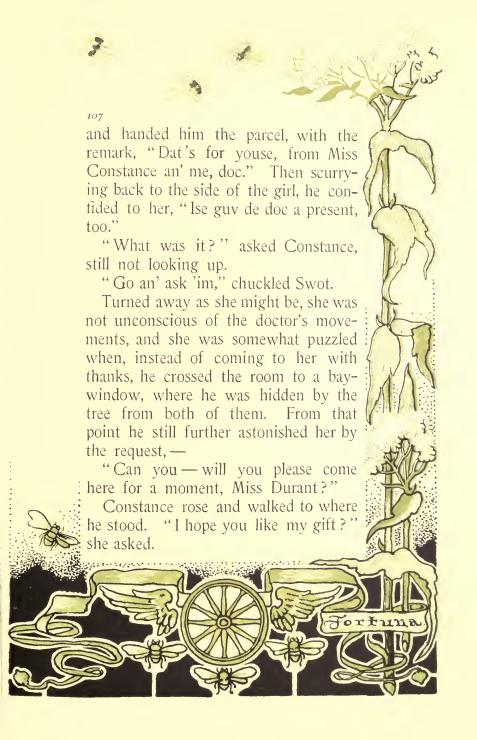






105 "I have the tree in my own room, because I wanted all the fun to ourselves," she explained, as she led the way upstairs, "and downstairs we should almost certainly be interrupted by callers, or something. But before you go, Dr. Armstrong, I want you to meet my family, and of course they all want to see Swot." It was not a large nor particularly brilliant tree, but to Swot it was everything that was beautiful. At first he was afraid to approach, but after a little Constance persuaded him into a walk around it, and finally tempted him, by an artful mention of what was in one of the larger packages at the base, to treat it more familiarly. Once the ice was broken, the two were quickly seated on the floor, Constance cutting strings, and Swot giving shouts of delight at each new treasure. Presently, in especial joy over some prize, the boy turned to show





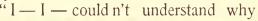
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"You could have given me nothing I have so wanted — nothing I shall treasure more," said the man, speaking low and fervently. "But did you realise what this would mean to me?" As he spoke, he raised his hand, and Constance saw, not the handkerchief-case, but a photograph of herself.

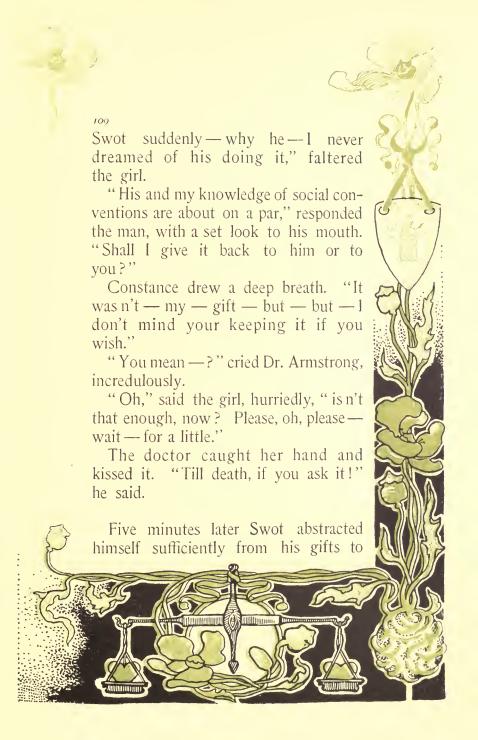
"Oh!" she gasped. "Where—I did n't—that was a picture I gave to

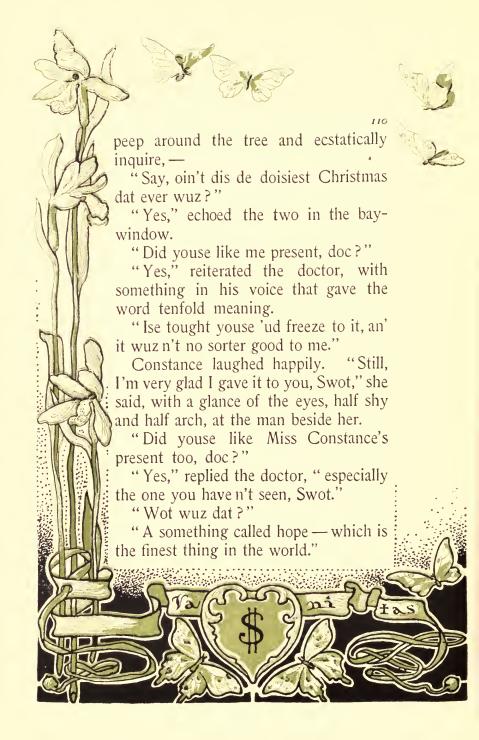
Swot. The case is my gift."

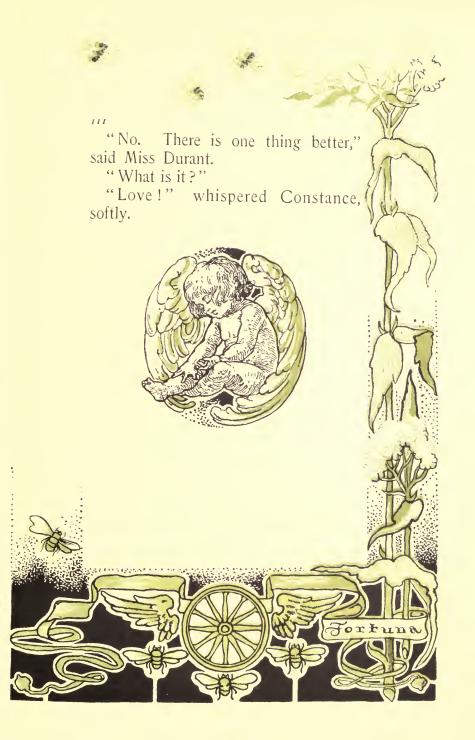
The doctor's hand dropped, and all the hope and fire went from his eyes. "I beg your pardon for being so foolish, Miss Durant. I—I lost my senses for a moment—or I would have known that you never—that the other was your gift." He stooped to pick it up from the floor where he had dropped it. "Thank you very deeply for your kindness, and—and try to forget my folly."

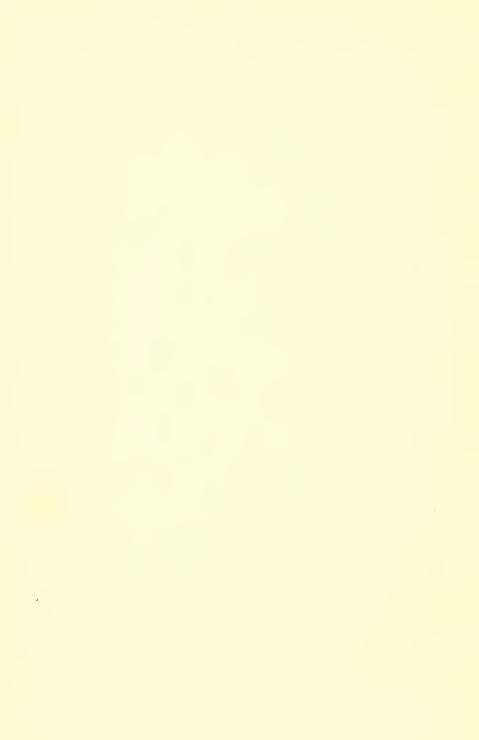
















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